

Grabam Greene's
Memoirs
THE BOY WITH A GUN
IN THE WEEKLY REVIEW

THE SUNDAY TIMES

NEWS DIGEST

15 AUGUST 1971

Bahrain proclaims independence

BHRAIN has proclaimed its full independence. Within a few hours the State, politically most mature of the Persian Gulf, will formally abrogate its special relationship with Britain and sign a new friendship. Sheikh Issa bin Sulayman, the Government's intention to negotiate a treaty yesterday, and said that Bahrain would be applying for membership of the United Nations and the League.

Foreign Office yesterday welcomed the move and said: "We look forward to the strengthening of the new relationship." The Government confirmed the Labour Government's decision to withdraw from the end of this year, the Foreign Office had hoped that the nine sheikhdoms would join a Union of Arab Emirates. At present it is still expected to do so. But the intention is of joining only at a future time. Another sheikhdom with no oil income, Qatar, is expected to follow Bahrain's example within a few days. *by Hodgson.*

Pakistan army airlift

PAKISTAN Government has begun the airlift of at least one army division from Dacca. It will join the four already employed against the rebel East Pakistan. The airlift started on day when two of the four daily PIA flights to Dacca were "reserved for military traffic." There has been a general strike of reservists, including retired army holidaying in Europe, who have been reported to Rawalpindi as soon as possible. *—Anthony Mascarenhas.*

INDIAN train carrying food from Assam to Pakistani refugees in Tripura was hit by a mine yesterday, the Government All India radio station reported. The explosion, which cut Tripura's vital rail link to Dacca, about ten miles from the East Pakistan border. A Press of India report said that a second train carrying medical staff was also blown up and people were injured. *—Reuter.*

Refugees flee floods

North-East was worst hit as storms hit parts of Britain yesterday. Families in homes as flood water 4ft deep hit villages of Wingate and Dalton. On a new estate at Silksworth 1,000 people in their homes. The River Tyne overflowed at Cramwell Gate Bridge, City, and the Catterick-by-pass was closed. The fourth division football and Ripon's race meeting was cancelled. In the West Country jams built up on a highway when a downpour flooded the highway route. In Bristol, shops were closed and a curfew of electricity, silence in Bristol.

Pamphlet starts strike

HAN 300 car component workers at res & cables Ltd., Newcastle-under-Lyme on strike yesterday over a Common Market pamphlet. Mr Les Transport and General Workers' union convenor, said: "The pamphlet, about the union's policy, was put on the road for workers. The management pamphlet was of a political nature and it down without consulting union management talks are to continue today."

Abortion law

new abortion law is now awaiting identical assent, having passed both of Parliament, and is expected to law by January. It is similar to the Abortion Act but it goes further in that the failure of any contraceptive method "may be presumed to be a grave injury to the mental health of a woman" and thus give grounds for an abortion. *—Saeed Nagai.*

Black spot death

A man died yesterday and his wife was injured when his car finished half-bus at Penmansfield corner an A1 near Berwick, Northumberland. Further south on the A120 Lincolnshire, a car was taken to hospital and a coach skidded through a wall and a pump at Brownside, near a fire which broke out on top of a burning thousands of gallons of oil controlled.

Crash in crash

A MAN who left his car to talk to a was killed early yesterday when a was in collision with them at Tenby, Pembrokeshire. He was PC Hefin John Jones, 22. The man he was talking to, 22, of Cleckheaton, was seriously injured.

On murder charge

Grabam Stevenson, 31, of Hestle, Hull, appeared before magistrates yesterday after his register office charged with the murder of Lucy Wainwright, 16, of Arundel. He was remanded in custody. The body was found on Friday yard of an empty house.

for Nixon

T NIXON will probably visit between October 20 and early Japan's Kyodo news agency said they said this came out following in-US consultations over Chinese ion at the United Nations. *—Reuter*

decision 'tomorrow'

Labour Party paper, Izemien, yesterday that Mr Don Minto's will announce tomorrow its Britain's £8.5m offer for the use of British troops. *—AFP.*

4, Barnsley style

16-year-old girls, Liz Simmons and Alison, are taking a holiday next town's ABC cinema. They aim to 18 performances of SWALK, a film about Jack Wild and Mark who could look at them forever. The six days viewing will cost them including bus fares; they are watching and flasks for the



United Kingdom refugees, 1971: They have fled from the terror in Ulster. At Gormanston camp in Eire, close to the border, there are more than 1,600 of them, including 1,200 children.

Army reinforces Eire border, may shoot across it

By Denis Herbstein and Derek Humphry

BRIGADIER Marston Tickell, British Army Chief of Staff in Northern Ireland said yesterday that his troops would probably fire back across the Eire border if life was endangered by attack from the South.

This followed a 45-minute gun battle between soldiers and civilians near the border town of Newry early yesterday morning. The border is now to be strengthened with armoured vehicles from the Life Guards and the Royal Hussars patrolling the South Armagh area from today.

Meanwhile, the British Government is expected to request the Dublin Government to exercise greater control of the border, and Brigadier Tickell confirmed that the Army is trying to establish its position under international law. So far no shot has been fired at gunmen fleeing back across the border to the South.

The Northern Ireland Prime Minister, Mr Brian Faulkner, has been asked by the Northern Ireland Labour Party to recall County and High Court Judges from holiday in view of the massive build-up of the law list.

Fighting broke out at the end of a civil rights meeting in Londonderry yesterday. As the speakers were escorted by a crowd of about 1,000 back to the "free Derry" area of the Bogside, youths began stoning a warehouse in which troops were resting and the soldiers replied with CS gas.

The stoning continued and troops

backed up by Saracen armoured cars rushed at several hundred people who had come up behind the stone-throwers. The crowd turned and fled as the troops rushed at them.

Earlier Miss Bernadette Devlin, MP, told the meeting that the time had come to cease talking and to take action. "General Tuohy, Mr Heath and Lord Carrington have already started their side of the action by interfering our men folk. They expect people to lie down and do nothing as they did in the 1950s. It is now a crime to stand outside your front door and rattle your dustbin to warn of the approach of troops. Now we will do the talking and we will do the sorting out of our political future," said Miss Devlin.

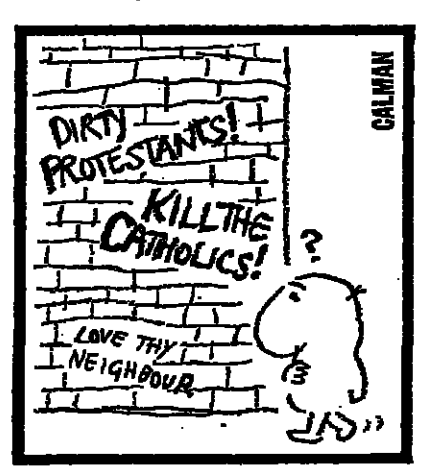
Other speakers referred to the

British troops as "modern-day Black and Tans." Mr Eamon McCann, another civil rights leader, said: "We are all terrorists now. Let them know that they are not now dealing with a small handful of terrorists—we are all terrorists here."

James Margach writes: An immediate grant of £500,000 by the British and Ulster governments for relief and reconstruction work in Northern Ireland was announced yesterday by the Home Office. The figure is so modest in relation to the size of the problem that it is likely to provoke demands for a much more generous Treasury contribution to relief work.

Nearly 100 Labour MPs have signed a motion demanding the recall of Parliament because of the Ulster situation, and the strength of the campaign is likely to lead to a formal recall request by Mr Wilson and the Shadow Cabinet. A considerable Labour group believe that Parliament will be recalled next month and are demanding direct rule from Westminster while major electoral reforms, including Proportional Representation voting, are introduced in Northern Ireland.

Conservative reaction is likely to be a rallying behind the Faulkner Government. Many Tories are already critical of the failure of Mr Heath and Mr Maudling to respond more strongly to the demand by Mr Jack Lynch, Eire's Prime Minister for the abolition of Stormont. Mr Faulkner, they feel, was left to protest on his own.



THE ULSTER EXPLOSION: Pages 5, 6, 7, 8 & 9

Help for all in new pensions plan

By James Margach

LOWER PAID workers are to get a better State pensions deal under proposals to be announced next month in a Government white paper. Under the scheme everybody will pay flat-rate contributions to get a flat-rate pension, but employers will subsidise the poorer paid by matching workers' contributions at a substantially higher rate.

Ministers argue that the present flat rate contribution hurts the lower paid and that the simplified basic scheme must be earnings-related, though the benefit will still be a flat-rate pension.

This increase in employers' contributions will point the way to other new social policies the Government is planning, which will bring Britain into line with the Common Market countries.

To expand private pension schemes run by firms and life insurance offices, special tax concessions will be introduced. Twelve million people are now covered by occupational pension schemes; the Government hopes this figure will be considerably increased by making pension deductions less painful.

The third major pensions proposal will benefit nearly six million people who are not covered by occupational or private schemes—for example the self-employed and building industry workers. For them there will be a pay-as-you-go reserve scheme which will operate on an earnings-related basis.

The Crossman earnings-related scheme which became a casualty of the Conservatives' election victory, will be abandoned totally because the Tories saw it as a challenge to free enterprise pension schemes operated by life insurance companies and feared that it could have been used as a lever for the subsequent State "mutualisation" of all pension schemes.

Eleven seized British seamen were hunting £400,000 salvage

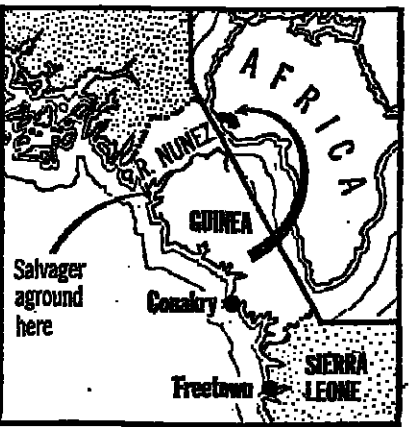
By a Sunday Times Reporter

A GROUP of British seamen, arrested at gunpoint when their ship went aground off the coast of West Africa, were "treasure hunters" on their way to salvage mercury worth about £400,000 from sunken German submarines. This was disclosed yesterday as a British embassy official was on his way to Conakry, capital of Guinea, to investigate the men's arrest.

The owners of the ship, the

Salvager, said yesterday that the crew were planning to raise 60 tons of commercial grade mercury from six submarines lying on the seabed in the Malayan Straits. The 620-ton Salvager, which sailed from Southampton in April, was reported to have gone aground at the mouth of the River Nunez, 100 miles from Conakry, on July 27.

Militiamen from Guinea forced 11 crewmen to leave the ship. The captain and six remaining members



of the crew were warned that they would also be taken ashore later.

A May Day message from the captain was picked up by Lloyd's shipping agents in Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone. It was impossible to make contact with the Guinea for further details of the

Soft water warning as heart deaths rise sharply

Sir George Godber

By Anne Robinson

MEDICAL OFFICERS of health throughout the country are to be advised to stop softening water supplies because of a possible connection between soft water and an increase in coronary deaths.

The warning comes from the country's chief medical officer, Sir George Godber, and follows a report published last week in The Lancet which produced fresh evidence. It said that softening a town's water supply may increase coronary deaths by as much as 17 per cent.

The report, by Dr Margaret Crawford and a team from London School of Hygiene, is drawn from a study of 11 county boroughs where the water supply has changed in character. The changes were due either to artificial softening or the introduction of new water sources.

A striking difference in male coronary death rates was found between areas that softened water supplies and those that hardened them.

Five county boroughs hardened their supplies. And between the periods 1948 to 1954, and 1955 to 1964, heart death rates rose by 8.5 per cent—roughly the same as the rest of the country.

But average coronary deaths in areas that softened their water rose 20 per cent and in one county borough—Burton-on-Trent—the rise was 25 per cent.

Percentages in other areas which softened their water are: Bristol: 9.1; Coventry: 11.1; Derby: 18.9; South Shields: 23.4; Sunderland: 24.2.

Dr Crawford, a specialist on cardiovascular diseases said yesterday: "We showed abstracts from our report in June to Sir George Godber, and to members of the British Waterworks Association. It was Sir George's opinion that while there was not sufficient evidence to justify introducing the hardening of all water supplies, it was clear that medical evidence was against softening and he announced his intention to advise medical officers of health of this."

So far there is no indication of how long it takes for coronary deaths to rise once a water supply has been softened. Nor is it known what factor present in hard water or lacking in soft water is responsible for these differences. The team is now trying to find out.

Recent research in several countries, particularly America and Sweden, have reached similar conclusions to this report. And the

report ends by making an urgent plea that in view of the large number of deaths involved "the technical problems of increasing the hardness of soft water should now be explored."

[Hard water is made soft when it is treated with special chemicals which remove the minerals.]

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Her husband tells 24

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سكندرية

Stanley Devan



Refused entry stamp on Robert Freeman's passport. He is on the right in picture.

Swedes jail British holidaymakers for two days without charge

By John Ball

UNION Britons have been forced to spend two days in a police cell in Sweden on the charge of being "illegal immigrants".

On the 18th, 18-year-old Ian of Burford, Oxford, and his friend, Robert Freeman, aged 19, of Hampshire, say they were taken to a police station in Gothenburg, Sweden, after being stopped by a waiting police van. They were searched, kept in a cell for two days, and then released without charge.

The next morning forms were given to both youths to sign. They were told they were being released on the condition that they would not return to Sweden without a valid passport.

to see the British Consul. A woman dressed in ordinary clothes came to see me and assured me there was no reason for the consul to be called because we were to be released the next day. I realise now she was bluffing me. She said nothing about us being sent back to England. At the time I was terrified and I did not want to start a row in case they kept me there longer.

The next morning forms were given to both youths to sign. They were told they were being released on the condition that they would not return to Sweden without a valid passport.

Acting Chief Inspector in charge of the Passport Office at Gothenburg police HQ, Hans Bersten confirmed the youths were refused entry. "They did not appear to have sufficient means to support themselves," he said. "There was a mix-up over the forms. One of the forms was missing and that is why they were kept here so long."

He agreed the refused-entry stamp could prevent the youths' chances of gaining entry to other countries.

In London the Swedish Consul said: "I would be very annoyed if two of our nationals were held by British police and I was not told." Robert's mother, Mrs June Freeman, said: "Money would have been wired direct to Sweden if the police had contacted us. I am shocked at the treatment my son received."

Acting Chief Inspector in

Joust the way to break your tibia and make £6,000 a year

By Michael Moynihan

SWINGING about on recently acquired crutches Max Diamond, 30, is a professional jousting knight. "Jousting is going to be the international spectator sport of the future, with eventual acceptance at the Olympic Games," Mr Diamond, an ex-Commando and founder of the British Jousting Society, is inspecting the site of the Battle of Hastings for a three-day August Bank Holiday tournament, which is expected to attract more than 100,000 spectators.

At the tournament, British and French knights will meet in combat with attendant attractions like archery, falconry, ox-roasting, and fun Fair dogdodgers. "People are hungry for something different in the way of exciting spectacle—pageantry as well as thrills," says Mr Diamond, who had his left tibia fractured just under the knee-cap during a tournament at the Ulster Exhibition in Belfast three weeks ago.

"Our first ten tournaments around Britain have attracted nearly a quarter of a million spectators, and it is a sport that seemed to have died 400 years ago."

Studying the spectacle at Battle, Sussex, will be a group of Americans who are planning a three-month sponsored tour of the United States by Britain's 15-strong jousting team. Tournaments will be held in British and Spanish "knights" are being considered in Spain, and next year it is hoped to form an International Jousting Association, linking enthusiasts in the "marital arts" from Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, the United States and Australia.

A site near the Tower of London has been earmarked as the venue for the first international tournament, to which the heads of state of competing countries, as well as British Royalty and nobility will be invited (Princess Margaret attended the first British tournament, at Nottingham, last year).

Max Diamond and his partner, Noshor Powell, a 6ft 4in Cockney, founded their society 15 months ago as an outlet for fellow equestrian stunts between such film epics as *Cromwell* and *Charge of the Light Brigade*. Now they see jousting as a full-time occupation, with earnings of around £6,000 in a good season.

They claim to have dug deeply into medieval records, but have made two major changes to jousting as Henry VIII knew it—preferring light steel armour and leather-and-rubber padding to the massive plate-armor which must have slowed mounts to a lumbering trot. And the tilt, on either side of which the two contestants charge towards each other, was lowered from 6ft to 4ft 6ins, so that a combat could be seen from all sides of an arena.

But this means that the horses, going like the clappers at around 25 mph, see each other too," says Mr Diamond. "Of 80 horses we have trained so far, only 15 have accepted this test. No cruelty is involved. Accidents do happen—but to us."

This season members of the society have acquired eleven broken ribs, one broken thumb, six head and facial stitches, a fractured pelvis, and an injured spine—all suffered along the tilt or in ground combat with broadsword, battleaxe or mace.

"We have rules that disqualify a contestant for striking man or mount, rather than shield, which would be entered by a panel of judges in any international or Olympic Games tournament," says Max Diamond. "But it is undoubtedly the element of risk that helps attract the public. We don't carry blood capsules like we do as stunt men. Any blood is likely to be real."

The broken tibia, which has put him out of action for three months, was the result of an ill-aimed blow from Noshor Powell with the flat of a sword, which caught his horse on the rump and unseated him. At Battle he will appear, not as the indomitable Black Gauntlet, but as a stiffly-mounted Knight Marshal. "I'll be keeping a firm eye on Frederick of Gaywood (that's Noshor)—he was born in Gaywood Street, Elephant and Castle," he says. "But it's the crowd I want to see. Given the weather we'll be off the ground, headed for the international big time."

Court Circular

KENSINGTON PALACE, W8. AUGUST 14, 1971.

The Duchess of Gloucester, as Patron, opened the National Rally of Boats of the Inland Waterways Association at Northampton this afternoon.

The Honourable Jane Walsh was in attendance.

Bodyguard's will

The man who acted as bodyguard to both Sir Winston Churchill and Earl Attlee when they were Prime Minister, ex-Det Supt William Hughes, left £12,449 in his will, published yesterday. Mr Hughes was 69.

£25,000 winner

The weekly £25,000 Premium Bond prize, announced yesterday, was won by Bond No. STP 659119. The winner lives in Middlesbrough.



Second opinion: Clay model by David McFall, RA, gets considered advice on his bronzed future from the flesh and blood original—Sir Thomas Holmes Sellors, president of the Royal College of Surgeons

Councils make nomads of homeless Family Joyce

By Alex Finer

FRED AND Marie Joyce are homeless in London. Mr Joyce spent most of last week camping out at a friend's house while his wife with her two children shared her parents' cramped attic flat without hot water or bath. They were refused help by two London councils which claimed they had no obligation to help the family.

The Joyces are among a growing number of families who, according to Shelter, are victims of inadequate local welfare accommodation facilities. In the first annual report by the Shelter Housing Aid Centre, borough policies towards the homeless are described as "non-compassionate."

and the report says some families are dealt with "aggressively or abruptly."

Father Paul Byrne, director of SHAC, claims that "the narrow interpretation of borough statutory duties has created an inhuman situation." The irony is that the worse the landlord, the less chance exists of council help. Many councils refuse to consider families for welfare accommodation if they have been illegally evicted or left voluntarily "after harassment."

Official figures show that 4,000 families were refused emergency

help last year, but this represents the tip of an iceberg of homelessness. Many families are scared to apply for accommodation for fear of being separated from their children by the council. Others are shuttled from borough to borough with authorities refusing to accept responsibility.

The Joyces have been trying to establish a permanent home for five years since they were married. Their most recent trouble began after they were tricked by a man who left them with their furniture outside a flat in Brent that was not to let.

Because the Joyce family moved to Mr Joyce's mother's house in Haringey to spend the night there, Brent Council claimed they had no right to help from their welfare department. But Haringey council also refused to accept responsibility for Brent's problem and instructed the Joyces to leave the house in Haringey, from which they had been evicted previously in 1967 by the council because of overcrowding. The housing departments in

Haringey and Brent have suggested that the Joyces should apply to join the council's housing waiting list. To qualify, the family must establish one year's residence in the borough. Fred Joyce says: "If we could find somewhere to live for a year, we wouldn't be bothering the borough."

Marie Joyce has little faith left. She said: "My parents have been on the council waiting list for 21 years without success." She is worried about the children Dawn, 4, and Freddie, 17 months—because she fears that the only solution a council can offer is to take the children into care.

But when The Sunday Times put their case to Brent Council last night, an official promised to look at it again.

On the high seas

A £770,000 contract to build a cable-car system linking Singapore and the tourist island of Sentosa has been won by a Swiss company, Burnell Ltd. The cable-car will cross more than a mile of sea.

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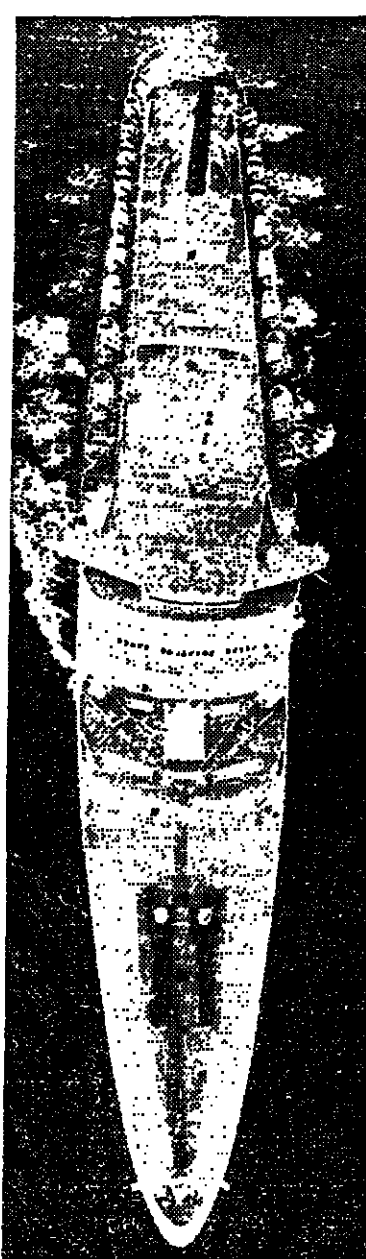
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The tomb robbers

As the traditional Middle
Eastern sources of archaeological
treasures for Western
museums and collectors dry
up, or become discredited by
fakes, the international black
market turns to Cyprus as a
new source. Taking advantage
of a divided island, difficult to
police effectively, tomb robbers
are doing terrible damage
to archaeological sites in Cyprus
today. Peter Hopkirk has spent
two weeks on the island
investigating this traffic, talking
to tomb robbers and
smugglers and preparing a
dossier on their activities
which will be published this
week in

THE TIMES

Digging the dirt down under

By Godfrey Hodgson in London
and John Hallows in Sydney

"A BASTARD BY BIRTH, greedy habits, distrustful by nature, wilful by temperament, and Prime Minister by accident."

So Alan Reid, whose publishers call him the Red Fox of Australian political journalism, begins the third paragraph of his newly published book about John Grey Gorton, who was asked to resign from the Australian Cabinet on Thursday by William McMahon, Gorton's successor as Prime Minister since last March.

"There are many," writes John Gorton in return, "who believe that Mr Reid has achieved a status through his own efforts which I hold through action, not by me, but by my parents."

"There is a knowing downward twist to his lips," Gorton went on about Reid in the article in last week's Sunday Australian which led Mr McMahon to ask for his resignation. "One expects momentarily to be nudged in the ribs with a confidential elbow and given a hot tip for the 3.30 at Randwick."

This delicate exchange of courtesies between the former Prime Minister and the best-known political journalist in Australia gives something of the flavour of the row that is now devouring the Liberal Party, which—at the head of successive coalitions—has governed Australia since the days of Sir Robert Menzies. It is a row which may well cost the Liberals power at next year's national elections.

THE SEEDS of discord were planted in Menzies' day. Sir Robert ran the Liberal Party, as indeed he ran Australia, as an autocrat. He stamped hard on any rising politician who threatened to share his limelight. When he retired he left Harold Holt as his successor. But when Holt was drowned in the surf at Christmas 1967, there was no one man to take his place in undisputed line of succession.

William McMahon seemed the heir apparent then. But John McEwen refused to serve under him. McEwen was the head of the Country Party, and the Liberal coalition could not do without his votes. It is hard to summarise the charges in Alan Reid's *The Gorton Experiment*, because it is 444 pages long, often repetitious, and crammed with detail. But it is Reid's thesis that:

● Gorton was made Prime Minister by a cabal, which included Dudley Erwin, then chief Govern-

ment Whip in the House of Representatives; Malcolm Scott, the Senate Whip; Malcolm Fraser, who became Gorton's Defence Minister—and Erwin's secretary, the then 22-year-old Miss Gotto, who became Gorton's private secretary. (It was Dudley Erwin who coined a classic of political portraiture when, after his own resignation, he said that the reason "is shapely, and it wiggles, and its name is Ainslie Gotto.")

● In power, Gorton too often listened to the advice, not of his Cabinet, but of a "cocktail Cabinet" of cronies.

● As Prime Minister he committed an embarrassing series of gaffes, including twice saying "Malaya" in a major speech when he meant "Malaysia."

● He weakened the Liberal Party and the Government by deliberately trying to get rid of as many able senior Ministers as he could in various ways so that they could not challenge his position.

Gorton comments in his first Sunday Australian article that "Mr Reid's book presents political life in terms of a constant Mafia operation." He dismisses as "curious and totally unsubstantiated" Reid's account of how Erwin and Miss Gotto were supposed to have collaborated to make him Prime Minister. And he promises to give his version of many other episodes.

If Mr Gorton goes on as robustly as he has begun, the readers of the Sunday Australian are in for a treat. The Australian belongs to Rupert Murdoch, proprietor of our own News of the World and The Sun. Alan Reid is a Canberra correspondent of the Sydney Daily Telegraph, which belongs to Murdoch's rival press lord, Sir Frank Packer, who happens to be William McMahon's principal champion in the media.

McMahon claims as a justification for demanding Gorton's resignation that Gorton's blast in the Sunday Australian threatens Cabinet solidarity. But this is a hollow ring for those Australian political journalists who have grown accustomed over the last 10 years to McMahon's late-night phone calls. Even as Prime Minister, McMahon has not entirely broken this habit.

THE TITLE of Reid's book, *The Gorton Experiment*, unkindly echoes one of Gorton's own phrases. He was going to attempt the experiment, he once promised, of being a Prime Minister



Miss Gotto: shapely wiggle

who was himself. Malcolm Fraser, who helped to make him Prime Minister, burst out in exasperation before resigning that he was "not fit to hold the great office," and accused him of having "an unreasoned drive to get his own way."

But the hostility to Gorton in the Liberal Party was not entirely caused by his being himself. Under all the personal bitterness, issues of substance are involved. The party chose him because he seemed to be a safe Right-Wing compromise candidate. In power, he turned in a direction that was most unwelcome to the conservative Liberals.

They expected him to maintain the Menzies stance. Instead—to their horror—he set to work to centralise the Government, in open breach of Liberal federalist tradition. He proposed social reforms. His foreign policy, for all its infelicities of style and detail, marked a decisive break from Liberal anti-Communism, which was in the stern unbending Dulles tradition.

Not that Gorton is a radical. But he did try to lead the Liberals out of some immobilist attitudes. And many Liberals like him for it. Perhaps as much as a quarter of the Parliamentary Party still takes his side.

Which is no doubt why Mr McMahon's relief at getting rid of such a tempestuous rival must be tempered with alarm. For the incentive that is now ricocheting round the ruins of Sir Robert Menzies' once-disciplined party must virtually assure a Labour victory in next year's elections.

HENRY BRANDON in Washington

No red carpet out for Lindsay

JOHN LINDSAY'S switch to the Democratic Party was not an act of personal exasperation. As a Republican, Lindsay found Gracie Mansion, where the Mayor of New York lives, becoming a political prison instead of a political springboard. And for a man who believes confidently in a higher political destiny, this was intolerable.

As long as he remained a Republican, he had no chance of running against President Nixon; nor could he challenge Governor Rockefeller, who holds the Republican Party's reins in New York State. Now, as a Democrat, he can seek the Democratic presidential or vice-presidential nomination against Nixon, he can challenge Rockefeller in 1974 and, if that fails, he could even reach out for a Senate seat. Having been a radical-liberal, he is better off in the Democratic Party, especially since, under Nixon's leadership, liberals have a tough time surviving in the Republican Party.

In 1963, Murray Kempton wrote that "Lindsay represents just about New York's last chance for civility." One conclusion to be drawn from Mr Lindsay's decision that New York has missed its chance; another that Mr Lindsay in the end considered the task beyond him as an endeavour.

As the mayor of New York—and he is not yet to give up that power base prematurely—he has stature in the country and a certain aura as a fighter against



Lindsay: unlikely crown

the urban ills. But in his own city he is an unloved and shrinking figure. As long ago as 1967, at the height of the racial troubles in Harlem, he had no illusions of his popularity. When asked him how he could walk safely through Harlem without protection, he replied, with a bitter smile, "Don't you know that this is the only place where I am safe?" For one of the show-boys that owes more to the establishmentarianism of WASP (White Anglo-Saxon-Protestant), a Republican of several generations, this was quite an admission.

Since Lindsay stopped being a Congressman or promise without much fulfilment, and became Mayor of New York, a lot of steel has built up in his tall, lean, languid frame. He no longer bears the marks of the well-born, slightly effete F. Scott Fitzgerald character. Despite having gained the attributes of a leader, however, personal fulfilment still eludes him.

The Democratic Presidential hopefuls stiffly welcomed Lindsay into the party—after all, defectors always arouse a certain pride at the reception centre—but, in fact, his arrival only heightened an already strained, uneasy mood in the Democratic camp. If he decides to go into the primaries, he will take votes from such like-minded as Senators McGovern, Birch Bayh and Fred Harris. Even Senator Muskie mustered only a forced smile, though he has many advantages over Lindsay, not the least being coming from a more respectable background. That species, once admired for its leadership qualities, is now being blamed by radicals for the American involvement in Vietnam and by middle Americans for having embraced racial causes that have contributed to the nation's inner turmoil.

What Lindsay has over his competitors is good looks, style, and a certain charisma. And yet he has some difficulty in coming his aristocratic detachment when he faces an audience. Opinion polls have listed him, even before his switch, as a presidential possibility, and among Democrats and Independents he ranked fourth, behind the likes of Muskie, Kennedy and Humphrey, but well ahead of McGovern, Bayh, and the others. He is strongest in California, where some polls list him ahead of Senator Muskie.

Lindsay will soon embark on a nation-wide speaking tour, without decrying himself a candidate, and then next year he will enter most of the primaries. Everything, of course, depends on how much popular support he can build up in the meantime, for on that, in turn, will depend how much financial backing he can enlist for the presidential sweepstakes.

The liberal Lindsay's shift to the Democratic Party is significant and reflects the realignment between the parties that is now in progress. The Republicans are choking the liberal voices in their party. On the other hand, the Democrats are moving well to the left of where they used to be. Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and the Democratic Presidential hopefuls are crowding on the left, with only Muskie, a new dealer at heart, trying to strike a more reasonable balance.

Lindsay is not only muscling in on the crowded Democratic left, but also on a party organisation which considers him an alien. However, well he may do in the primaries it is difficult to imagine that the Democratic Presidential nominating convention will crown so recent an intruder.



Mintoff (alias Peppone) and Church (alias Don Camillo); combatants on a Maltese landscape

NATO is leaving Malta, banished to Naples by Mr Dom Mintoff, a rough little Mediterranean politician with a taste for brinkmanship. Next week a show-down is expected over the future of the British forces on the island. This week: a profile of a man on a limb who can hear the sound of sawing.

POLITICS in Malta have much in common with Giovanni Guareschi's section Italian village, where radicalism is defended by Peppone, the big Red Mayor, and the Catholic faith kneels behind Don Camillo, the priest who can tear a pack of cards with his bare hands.

Dom Mintoff, the Maltese Prime Minister, is no Communist. His supporters call him a social democrat. His detractors, noting the personal fortune he made out of the post-war Maltese reconstruction, regard him as a Tory at heart. But the island's politics do reflect some of the flavour of Peppone's village. Its buildings are plastered with old campaign posters, like world-travelled suitcases piled in the sun. Political opponents bombard each other with the wet print of virulent news sheets and there is an undertone of violence.

Once, in his earlier days as Prime Minister, Mintoff took a swing at an opponent, Dr Carmelo Caruana, a stocky lawyer known as The Bulldozer. Caruana is said to have taken Mintoff by the throat and beaten him with his spare fist—while someone looked the door from outside.

Mintoff lacks that underlying compassion which makes Peppone's anger forgivable. In office he is a furious, lonely man, frowning and banging like a firecracker, round the feet of the Big Powers.

Narrowly elected to power six weeks ago, Mintoff has stubbornly refused to swear-in the island's 55-member House until tomorrow, preferring the shirt-sleeved silence of his thoughts and the prospects of a personal political triumph over the British government to the rough-house of a democratic assembly.

He has used his long breathing space shrewdly, sacking his police chief, dismissing the British governor-general, and kicking upstairs a number of leaders of the powerful General Workers' Union, who might remember that Mintoff failed to give them enough support four years ago when a British Labour government wanted a further dockyard run-down.

Mintoff appears to be anti-British in the froth of his current campaign, but the judgment could be superficial. The truth is that Malta's Labourites tend to be more pro-British than the opposition Nationalist party, which favours closer middle-class links with Italy and the Vatican.

THE FRACTIOUS temper of the Maltese Prime Minister has a pedigree that owes more to his hatred of the Catholic Church than to his contempt for the hauteur of British colonialists.

Dominic Mintoff (Mintoff means "to pluck") might never have been a rebel. Born in Malta 56 years ago, he was one of nine children, fathered by a Royal Navy sea cook. He would have been a priest, like his gentle brother, had it not been for a row over the grant that had enabled him to enter the Archbishop's seminary. The grant was withdrawn after the church discovered that one of the Mintoffs had married well. Dominic had to transfer to a secular school.

The foundation of hatred had been laid and Mintoff, embittered by the early misfortune of his lowly birth, built it up in breeze blocks as he moved on from

Mintoff: the British loves and Roman hates of a sea cook's son



Richard Vasey

Malta university as a Rhodes scholar to Oxford. He arrived there in 1939, a prickly young architect who became much in demand at smart left-wing gatherings. Like Nehru, he both hated and admired the British upper-class Left.

African leaders, he would overcompensate for the manifest difference between his background and their displays of arrogance. But he made close friends with a number of future Cabinet ministers, whom he met through the Fabians and Hugh Dalton's socialist court.

While the Stukas lazed in over Malta, raging the mellow buildings of the Crusaders, Mintoff made himself useful in Britain as a civilian garrison engineer in the Midlands. His career blossomed later in the Maltese ruins. Opposition to the Church brought him prestige from the island's working class, and he designed villas and hotels, amassing a fortune over the years.

He married, in 1947, a tall serious Englishwoman from Cottenham, Camilla Bentinck, who shared his distaste for island society. They have parted now and Mintoff keeps even more to himself.

Throughout his political life, Mintoff has worn successive resignations on his sleeve. The first was in 1949 when, as deputy to Prime Minister Boffa, he was sent to London to deliver an ultimatum to the Colonial Office, threatening to seek help elsewhere unless the island received more British aid. When Boffa withdrew the ultimatum, Mintoff resigned and planted the roots of a more radical Labour party.

Six years later the wing lent him to power. Mintoff then went for integration with Britain, Ulster-style, and embarked on a savage dispute with the island Church. Mintoff wanted social reforms such as civil marriages; the Church, fearing loss of

autonomy, boycotted a referendum on the island talks fell apart.

The trouble was a by a riotous dispute docks and galloped when, in true Peppone-Mintoff government Caravaggio painting of back to St John's Valletta and clean out and announced that henceforth he display peoples' museum. Com the church, Mintoff's the painting back to St dead of night and rest.

Mintoff's fight with and in particular diminutive Maltese Gonzi, became increased. When Mintoff challenges debate their disgruntled public, Gonzi made a shrewd move and the Mintoff's party new year later Gonzi lost terdick against the La executive.

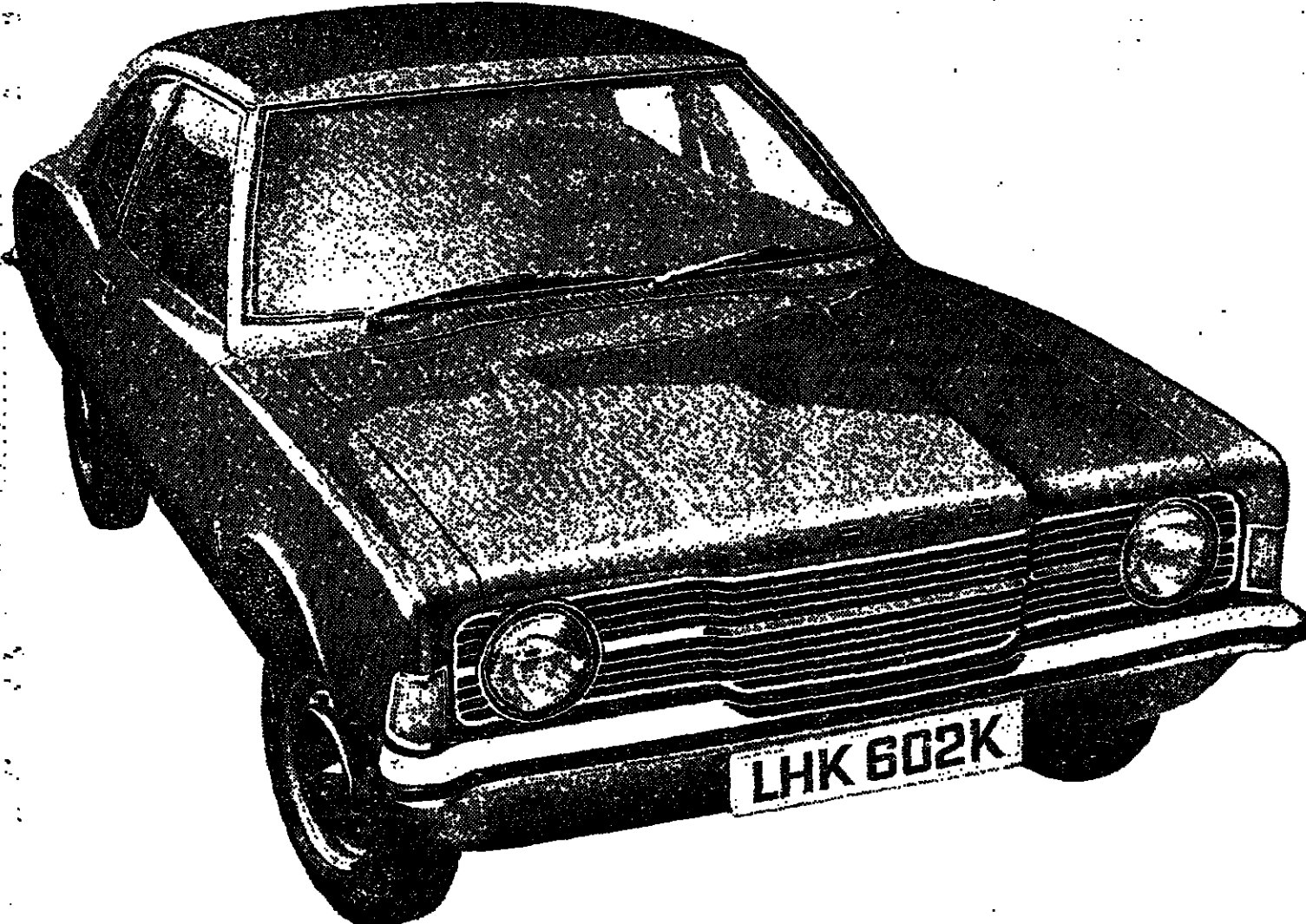
It was almost a de the two sides made peace. The Church, a law sanctioning the while Mintoff recogni right to protect the interests of his flock.

Mintoff has not yet test this sensitive good-will by pushing a political and the (Supposing he stays in the present crisis, one of his functions as Lab Minister will be to border between his a politician and the (fiction of "spiritual

More immediately, ment lifted a burden uneasy souls of me voters who felt, for li that they could v without going to hel the aggression help to power, an irony escaped some Church

Malta needed his after years of its le ness in the outer off Cabinet Ministers. Hi agreements with a people who no lo be thought of as members of the Natu Labour leaders do not all British aid tary strings overseas. The base remaining as now seems like sense of a military appears to be irrelv of modern warfare answer Malta's lon to develop indepen for. For example, the ample room for as a tourist centre whose steep streets by the languid fortress of elegant inated by torn post off, looking like a pretending to be H smoking a pipe.

Its bars, trinkets are geared to the tastes of Servicemen leave and its potentially an ex for discreet tour ment—is a glum concrete, barbed wi laundry. Above all this, I sulking in his Peo, Mintoff glowers ove British offer and g his dream to lead t a promised land. I difficult, in the pr stances, for the Bri ment to make him driving him impetuo nation or his suppo But would an easy our true interest?



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Why the IRA is still there shooting...



A gunman, Joe Cahill, was arrested after a chase and is still in charge.

Ulster. The two Special Branch men missed the most prestigious catch available in Belfast but even more, they never knew the reason. The result was in the telephone kiosk.

He was calling to warn a friend that internment was coming. There can be no real doubt that general rumours on internment were current days before the sweep began, making it easy for suspects to make for safety. Now Cahill and his men claim that they had detailed warning some hours before the arrests began.

It was a "political leak," they said, and they claimed with unshakable conviction that as a result their command structure survived last week's events almost intact.

A couple of lesser incidents from last week give further credence to the reality, which underlies Mr Brian Faulkner's claim that a famous victory was won last week. One occurred around 11.30 pm on Tuesday in Beech Park Street, a low, cramped terrace, running off Old Park Road which is linked like a dog's leg and gives its nickname, "The Bone," to a whole district of North Belfast.

The oddity of Old Park Road is that on one side live Protestants

and on the other side Catholics. Last Tuesday night, a lone sniper was firing irregularly and with ineffective aim from the Catholic side of the street. As two of our reporters, who were on their way into Bech Park Street, crowded with youths, many waving empty whiskey bottles.

It was unusually easy to identify them as Protestants. Not only were they drinking Old Bushmills whiskey, the brand favoured by Protestants. Their speech also noted the occasion from a wholesale butcher's, was decorated with a huge Union Jack, and as they poured out and attacked the single Catholic house in the terrace they shouted: "Get out, you Taig (Catholic) bastards!"

Methodically, they kicked the windows of the house in, and drove in a few shrapnel shells. The next street was busy, engaging the (presumably) Catholic sniper. A pair of unarmed Belfast policemen crouched in a doorway. They had no chance to intervene.

By current Belfast standards, the lone Catholic was not hard done by. (The neighbours claim that he was as targeted as the lads who smashed his house.) The point is that the lone Catholic was not at home: he had abandoned his home.

done the "mixed" street before night fell, and that process was repeated over and over again throughout Belfast last week.

Perhaps the most important single anecdote of the past few days' violence is that the "mixed areas"—the ones where Protestants and Catholics were slowly learning to live together—have been brutally damaged, in both human and material terms.

On Page 9, Lewis Caste gives an account of the late abandoned community where Father Hugh Mullan died. The essence of the matter is that the ghettos of Belfast have been re-established as firmly as ever.

A third brief anecdote helps illustrate the new rôle into which the British Army has been thrust. Two privates, self-lending rifles to the "mixers" who were walking along Catholic Spamout Street "Look," said one of them, "when we came here, I should say that 80 per cent of the British soldiers were in favour of the Catholics. But now —" He shrugged contemptuously. His companion, even tenser, broke in: "And what do they think of us?"

The answer, the best we can make it out from talking to dozens of people here, is that ordinary Catholics now believe

what formerly only the radicals thought: that the British Army is an occupying force on behalf of Protestant domination. What has happened in the Province takes the form of a conspiracy to give some account of the workings of the "Green" or Provisional IRA, and to unravel the political processes which led the British Government to approve the internment raids.

The best claim that can be made for the swoop is that the security forces-it had 70 per cent of the people who were on their lists." Questions about whether the lists had any relevance to the problem of violence in the Province are mostly turned aside.

The fact is that the raids, and the gunfights which followed them, were for the most part ghastly tragedy-comedy in which men were taken when their brothers were supposed to be arrested, in which law-abiding people were outraged by being dragged from their homes after midnight, and the Army was forced to claim bizarre "victories" in which, for instance, a casual young shoplifter was shot dead and taken for an IRA desperado.

There are, of course, desperate

does" in Belfast: namely, Joe Cahill and his men. But far from being damaged seriously, the Provisionals in Belfast probably lost two officers captured and perhaps 30 volunteers—"presumably untrained."

At least 23, perhaps 30 people have been killed. Some few of those may be serious Provisional gunmen, but most of the dead were probably innocent of military design or guilt of no more than riotous behaviour.

About 2,000 IRA men have become refugees from Belfast, and two thousand Protestants have had to move within the city.

Some 270 men have actually been locked up. But the chief political effect has been to deplete not the ranks of violence but the ranks of militant non-violent resistance to Faulkner's regime.

The IRA men are grouped in "Cade" are old-time IRA men—"Their equivalent" said one British officer sourly, "of the British Legion."

The Catholic community, of course, has suffered a tremendous blow. Apart from the dead, the Catholics may well be exhausted for some time by the necessary labours of resolving an unprecedented refugee problem. Therefore they may be quiet.

Therefore, in a certain special Ulster sense, there has been a victory. "Interment," said Mr Faulkner, "is exposing the gunmen. This is what I anticipated it would do." It is a remarkable statement—interments, by their nature, are not usually supposed to expose gunmen. The idea is to lock them up.

But if, in a context of no real intelligence about who the gunmen are, you desire to make some powerful gesture which will stop a violent response, then such an interment campaign makes excellent sense. (One may, of course, get a backlash much greater than bargained for.)

Yearningly, a Provisional officer was saying last week: "With just 50 trained men, we could wrap Belfast up." This was, presumably, an admission that before the end of the year there was less than 50 whatever their volunteer" attachment. But it could also represent a highly practical dream, for if a bitter quill follows in the Catholic community, with the British Army increasingly seen as the enemy, it could entirely transform the recruiting situation for the Provisionals.

IN THE BAR of the Imperial Hotel, Blackpool, at last year's

Tory Party Conference, Regional Secretary, was giving some informal views on Northern Irish priorities. The vital thing, he declared, was to preserve Major James Chichester-Clark as the Ulster Premier. Chichester-Clark, he said, was "straight as a die." When asked about Ewan Maclean, he said: "The 'protest man' of the Ulster Cabinet, Mr. Maudling looked apprehensive. "Very dodgy indeed," was his verdict.

But last week, of course, Brian Faulkner was Ulster's Premier of four months' standing. And Mr. Maudling is a Conservative. It is a measure of the importance of the Ulster measure of interment in the light of an all-embracing need to preserve Faulkner, in turn, against threats from the ever-dodgier Unionist Right.

The sequence illustrates the speed with which the unthinkable becomes orthodox in Ulster politics. And it is repeated in the history of the interment decision itself.

In March, Mr Maudling was prepared to explain, privately but quite emphatically, his objections to interment as a device which might place the IRA in the situation into even greater danger. This he was prepared to repeat as late as July, and in the same month the British Army commander, General Sir Harry Taylor, publicly gave the resistance to this "distasteful" technique.

Indeed, Whitehall civil servants maintain that until the last month of October 1972, when the interment was required on technical military grounds, and he advised that the Army could hold the situation without it.

What was it, then, that changed the British Government's mind? Brave words aside, there was little reason to hope that the IRA might really be wiped out. It was, at bottom, a fear that the Protestant "private armies" of Ulster were on the point of breaking loose.

Motivation for Protestant paramilitary ambition seems obvious enough: between January 1 and last Friday, August 13, 346 explosions occurred in Ulster and 11,000 civilians have been killed or killed there. As long ago as February, James Chichester-Clark declared that Ulster was "at war" against the Irish Republican Army, and to the Protestant eyes the months between have been a series in which the Catholic enemy has been getting away with murder, both literally and ideologically.

Incidents, on even brief selection, have been prolific:

Feb. 7: Young man shot through head in Belfast and died. Ulstermen now carry IRA pennants in pocket.

Feb. 9: Five men in BBC truck killed by mine in Fermanagh—probably meant for soldiers.

Feb. 29: Two policemen shot dead dispersing crowd in Catholic Ardoyne. Machine-gunner wounded, but escaped.

March 1: Military policeman

continued on next page



British soldiers take cover from sniper fire last week in the Booside district of Perry

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THE ULSTER EXPLOSION

2

DEBATE OF THE POLITICIANS

Why General Tuzo said 'no arrests'

continued from preceding page

killed (Land Rover hit by petrol bombs).

March 10: Three British soldiers, off duty, murdered outside Belfast.

March 25: New premier, Faulkner, announces Cabinet. Minutes later, Unionist Party HQ hit by three bombs.

April 7: Provisional IRA men march openly through Belfast to funeral of volunteer killed on training in Eire.

May 25: 20lb bomb thrown into police station. Paratrooper covers it with his body to save civilians: youths fear as he is carried away dead.

July 13: Soldier killed in Catholic Falls Road area. Provisional IRA claim responsibility.

July 18: IRA gang rescue Stuart Fitzgerald from hospital after Army wound him in bomb incident.

July 24: Crowds set fire to Army lorry after child accidentally knocked down and killed.

There may be as much randomness about this catalogue as systematic mayhem by the IRA: at least one British adviser thinks their skills have been "grossly overestimated."

Even IRA claims have been sometimes inconsistent — responsibility for the bomb that killed the paratrooper was claimed in Belfast and denied in Dublin—and in cases like the triple murder, and the Fermanagh mine, extreme Protestants may just as well be the culprits.

But the idea of a unified IRA campaign feeds simultaneously the ambition of the IRA's sympathisers and the paranoia of its opponents. And in any case the

Orange mind, once inflamed, is little affected by reality. (In fact off 1969, when the British troops were going in for "a brief fire-fighting exercise," the Ulster Government was ascribing the troubles in large part to the work of imported Continental revolutionaries, whose traces have since been remarkably elusive.)

To this accompaniment, Protestants have had to watch their ancient privileges being whittled away. Laws have been passed to suggest that Catholics might control local councils in parts where they predominate, and to banish religious discrimination from public housing and from Government contracts. This has been necessary to appease the Westminster Government which supplies the troops: but few Protestants have been convinced that full citizenship should be extended to a community whose allegiance to the whole idea of Ulster is at best equivocal.

'Blackmen' talk of private armies

The achievement of Faulkner's Government before and after his accession in March, was to get a considerable body of the reforms on to paper: that is, to the point where they had just caused maximum legislative pain to the rules of Ulster. Of course, they did not bring any immediate relief to the ruled—and Catholic expectations were no doubt blunted when the "reformer" Faulkner chose to march with the Orange Order in the celebration of Protestant overlordship, in mid-July.

The map (right) of Catholic and Protestant areas of Belfast is based on a survey carried out by the security forces. Events of last week tended to be sparked off in areas where there is sharp division, as in the Springfield Road.

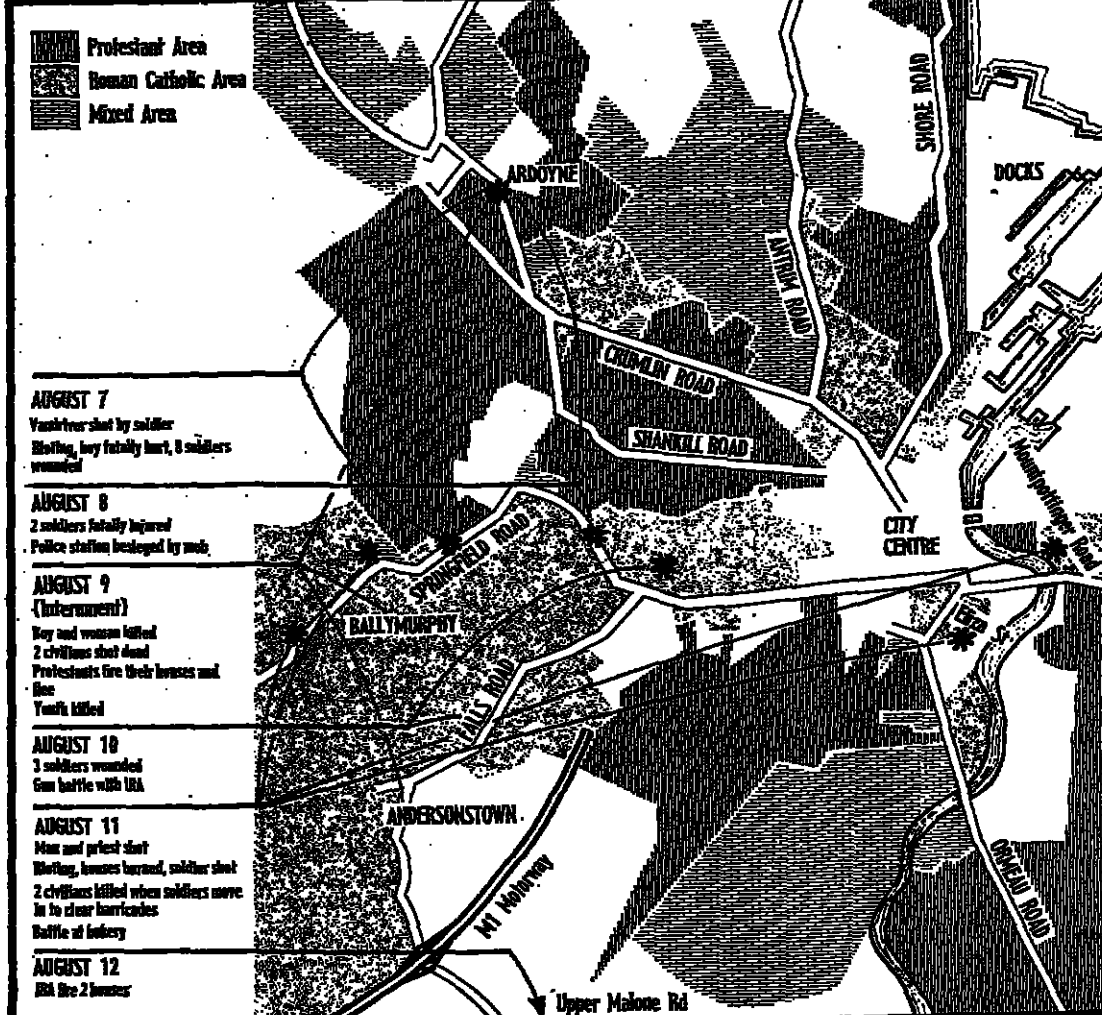
But such subtleties often evade Protestant minds. What they did see was ungrateful Catholics openly celebrating the funerals of IRA men, with the British Army standing innocently by. "The Army's desire to limit confrontation was seen, in the words of John Taylor, Minister for Home Affairs, as "undue softness."

RESENTMENT first surfaced when Unionist MPs were heaped with abuse by their constituents at the traditional parade on July 12. The MPs were told that no one would tolerate legislators who failed on the law and order issue. The following day, the most illustrious Orangemen of all—the Royal Black Institution, or "Blackmen"—met at Scarva to stage their traditional re-enactment of the Battle of the Boyne, and "the whole place was seething with talk of private armies," in the words of one Orange-watcher.

The elected leaders might all too easily be swept aside by a wave of anti-Catholic vigilantism. The B Special Constabulary, which James Callaghan managed to disband after the British troops moved in, was never much more than a set of private armies, lightly washed down with State authority. When they disbanded, the 4,000-odd B-men handed back their rifles, but armaments for private armies are never likely to be a serious problem in Ulster.

At the end of July, 1971, there were 99,048 licensed firearms, let alone illicit stores. Of these, 68,000 were shotguns, and there were about 7,000 high-powered rifles and 4,500 pistols.

William Craig, ex-Stormont Minister, began to talk about



drawing up lists of men to serve in a renewed B Special force. Several English Tory MPs, such as William Deedes, got to hear something of these freelance military preparations by going across to see the Boyne celebrations: they reacted with fascinated horror.

On June 24, Premier Faulkner went up to his constituency and warned his followers that they must "on no account get drawn

into any kind of 'private enterprise'." But in the County Down countryside, discussion had gone past the question of whether private forces should be raised to discipline the IRA. Argument revolved merely around the question whether they should fight in the Queen's uniform or in civvies.

With disquiet spreading rapidly through the Tory Party, Mauding agreed to attend a joint meeting

of the Defence and Home Affairs committees on July 28. He found himself facing complaints about the "pathetic" showing of the British Army in Belfast. The day before, Mauding had told the Belfast Telegraph that it was "open war" with the IRA. Mauding was told bluntly that he "was not making a convincing war leader." The meeting did not call for internment, specifically, but it made clear a demand

for drastic action of some kind. Brian Faulkner had decided that internment was the one way to "finish off" the IRA—that was the phrase he used before he left Belfast to visit London on Thursday August 5. Perhaps he was thinking back to 1856, when as Minister for Home Affairs he directed operations against a much more desultory IRA, which then worked entirely out of the South and eventually evaporated for want of support in the Six counties.

Army's objections to internment

Faulkner went to London knowing that Mauding had been subjected to nearly four weeks' continuous pressure for action. His one real problem was that General Tuzo, who accompanied him, did not agree that internment was necessary. When they met Mauding and Heath, Tuzo said that in his view the Army could hold the line in the long term.

Tuzo rehearsed the Army's five long-standing objections to internment:

●It would further antagonise the Catholic population.

●Officers and men were happier acting within the law because they were surer how far they could go.

●Internees would be readily replaced from the South, and IRA recruiting probably improved.

●Military intelligence could not be sure enough of picking up all the right people.

●Internment in the North was useless without similar action by the South.

Underlying Tuzo's argument was the knowledge that there had already been too much talk of internment by Orange hard liners. Rumours spread through Belfast at the end of July that special cells were being readied for internees at Crumlin Road barracks. Few IRA leaders were

sleeping in the same bed at night. The demand for action rode all these scholarly arguments. The long-term, long-term, General Tuzo, long-term. The British Prime Minister and Home Secretary said they would approve internees and would accept the quo offered by Faulkner: the danger of the dangerous of the Apparition of Derry, and all others for six months.

Supposedly, Faulkner to Mauding that internment necessary because bomb was damaging the com life of Ulster. No doubt were the real argument a good deal starker. Essentially, the British ment was forced to act otherwise Faulkner's it would be uncontrollable because now it is Faulkner must at all costs be press.

WAS ARMY INTELLIGENCE ever good enough to sort out gunmen from the Catholic population? As of light is cast on this interview which Peter of The Sunday Times, h Joe Cahill shortly before remarkable press conference Friday.

A Provisional driver to near through an Army t the St. Paul's area, and a grocer's shop in Ballymur about 2.30 pm Cahill appeared in the street companions, got into the answered Lennon's question with "no sign of intelligence but a lot of earthy toughness."

Q "The Army say th picked up 70 per cent of important members of t visionals. Is this true?"

A "Very untrue. Th officer we have lost is on the other side of the line, and one battalion. But we have lost some tears."

Q "Do you think army intelligence is continued on next

General Appointments

Sales and Marketing Appointments

General Appointments

Sales and Marketing Appointments

Eleven UK Life assurance salesmen went to the Million Dollar Round Table Conference in America this year. Seven of them came from Abbey Life.



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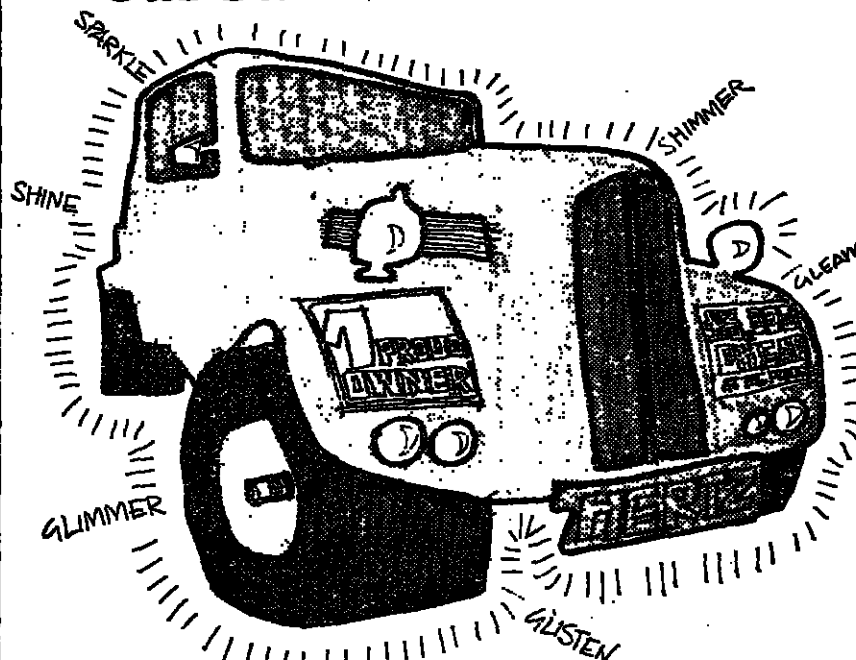


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THE ULSTER EXPLOSION

3

ANATOMY OF THE IRA

When Cahill took up the gun again

Continued from preceding page

your people? Have they any real information? Do you think they have any informers in your organisation?

On that score I don't think we have any. The people who have been "lifted" who have been in our movement are those who have been publicised. I believe that the British military intelligence has been on the basis of the RUC reports.

I learnt this from a British intelligence officer. They house here, any house, people going in and out on a regular basis and that becomes suspect.

If there is a raid in that house will immediately be built up to brick. They are not dependent on the RUC reports. They have their own informers in their patrols.

When Civil Defence leaders are taken, they take them. They note speeches made by men who are not important. They try to do to be safe in changing houses. Since the number of houses fast in which we can be as increased enormously.

But surely the RUC over-ars have built up pretty information on you?

We know that the only once the British Army had they moved in were files the B Specials and the RUC Branch. They found, of Catholic areas very ated and very few guns Catholic side and they these RUC reports were inaccurately since there is information concerning the side.

I know the decision was to scrub all the RUC files and build up their own intelligence. There is no question of the Army does not trust B Special intelligence. The same point was from the opposite direction by an important British last week, who commented that the Army did not enough use of the much- RUC special branch.)

Cahill was born 51 years Divis, the heart of Belle joined the IRA in 1938, April, 1942, he was with up of IRA men who shot a pursuing policeman. The father of the present Chief me Prevention in Belfast. One of the IRA men was Cahill served six years.

one of their own local residents, and in the ensuing remorse a local priest got the leaders to patch up a truce which has lasted ever since.

What tenuous political direction the Provisionals had was removed in May, when a team of Scotland Yard men got Frankie Card and Willie McKee for having a revolver in their car. It must have seemed a notable coup when they were sent down for five years each; but according to a good deal of testimony, McKee and Card were actually, restraining influences of some kind. Without them, it seems, provisional policy has moved away from more or less calculated military assaults to random shooting.

General Tuzo seems to have realised that the British Army was not facing another army of any sort which perhaps caused his unease about the internment device. Given the difficulty of prising such men out of their natural habitat—the one thing they are not is "outside agitators"—there was very little chance that internment could have succeeded, in Faulkner's sense of rounding up the gunmen at a stroke.

Internment, the general is reported to have said, would just produce "even wilder men with guns." Given the inevitable Catholic opposition to the sectarian round-up, its effect has been to turn a few local gang leaders into heroes for the community at large.

THERE COULD be no sharper contrast than that between those who escaped the internment net, and those who were caught in it.

THE MEMBERS of the 50-odd Republican Clubs of Ulster regard themselves as being in sympathy with the aims of the IRA—that is, they want to see the Six counties absorbed into a united Ireland.

The 12 British soldiers killed in Ulster this year

Gunner Robert Curtis, 20, Royal Artillery. Killed by sniper during riots in Belfast on February 6.

Lance-Bombardier John Laurie, 22, 32nd Heavy Regiment, RA. Wounded in Belfast riots of February 6. Died 10 days later.

Lance-Corporal William Jolliffe, 18, Royal Military Police. Killed by bomb in Derry, March 1.

Fusilier Joseph McCaig, 18, Royal Highland Fusiliers. Shot near Belfast while off-duty. March 10.

Fusilier John McCaig, 17, Royal Highland Fusiliers. Shot with brother outside Belfast while off-duty. March 10.

Fusilier Douglas McCaig, 23, Royal Highland Fusiliers. Shot with the McCaig brothers on March 10.

Corporal Robert Rankin, 25, 1st Royal Green Jackets. Shot in Belfast when Army patrol car ambushed. May 22.

Sergeant Michael Villetts, 27, Parachute Regiment. Killed by bomb Belfast police station. May 25.

Rifleman David Walker, 30, 1st Battalion, Royal Green Jackets. Shot in the chest by sniper Belfast. July 12.

Private Richard Barton, 25, Parachute Regiment. Killed in Land-Rover by automatic fire while patrolling Andersonstown, Belfast, July 13.

Bombardier Paul Challenger, 22, 3rd Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery. Hit by sniper in Derry on Tuesday.

Private Malcolm Leslie Norton, 21, Green Howards. Died after injuries during rioting in Ardoyne, Belfast. August 9.



Soldiers crouch anxiously behind an armoured vehicle during disturbances in Rossville Street, Londonderry. But, quite unconcerned, a woman makes her way home from shopping.

Technically, therefore, they are illegal; and they certainly include, among the membership some active IRA men alongside the old-time republican dreamers. But the great majority of club members have no military connections whatever and no desire to advance the cause by military means. They are associated, if at all, with the Official wing of the IRA, and are a poor guide to membership of the Provisionals.

Reg Tester is secretary of the Derry Republican Club. His house was raided at 9 pm on Saturday, July 24. The soldiers grew very excited, Tester says, when they found some military clothing left over from his time as a naval rating, and also confiscated copies of the United Irishman, the official IRA organ. But their greatest interest was directed to the minute books of the Derry Republican Club, the old-time republican dreamers. The North-West executive of the Ulster Republican Movement, of which Tester is a member. These listed the names and addresses of the membership, and were removed. The Tester home was not visited during Monday's internment swoop, but his list formed the basis of the Army's Derry operation.

Of the 13 Derry men on the Army's list, only four were known Provisionals—out of the 12 Provisionals estimated to be based in the city.

Three of the Derry internees were released on Tuesday night. Two of these, Johnny White, 24, and Liam Cummings, 35, are prominent hard-line organisers of the official republican movement, and did not delay to exploit the crude intelligence which had led to their internment. On Wednesday White addressed a meeting organised by Bogside radical groups to call for a general strike tomorrow and total non-payment of rent, rates, electricity and gas bills. He spoke bitterly of the harsh conditions of internment, but advocated only this kind of non-violent resistance to Stormont and the Army.

Some of those arrested had no connection with any group. Liam MacLinniney, 20, is chairman of Strabane Republican Club. In common with many club officials, especially those having family connections with the IRA, he has been sleeping across the border for the past three weeks. When the Army raided his home on Monday, his brother John was taken in his place. The soldiers took no notice of John's pass, signifying that he was a private in the Irish State Army. He was released later.

Petrol bombs and holy water

This determination by the Army raiders to make up the required number of internees is also shown by the fate of the three Gourley brothers, who live on a farm near Cookstown, mid-Ulster. The Army called for Desmond Gourley, 36, treasurer of the Cookstown Civil Rights Association, who had been interned in 1958. On finding him away from home, the Army said they would take another brother in his place. John, being the eldest, volunteered but the sergeant consulted base by radio and were told to take the third brother, Dermot, 34, who had also been interned in the Fifties. He was released the following night.

Also taken in Cookstown was Vincent Hunter, known locally for his radical politics and his big mouth but unconnected with any organisation. An hour after arresting him, the Army returned to search his house. According to his wife Phyllis, the only thing they found was a bottle of holy water. The private who discovered it shouted: "Hey sarge, here's a petrol bomb without a fuse."

In Coleraine the Army listed three wanted men. One of them got away after his wife told the Army he was already over the border. In fact he was on night shift at a local factory, and the Army did not check again until the same time, 4.30 am, the following night, when he was safely in the Republic.

The two Coleraine men the Army hold are Cathal Newcombe, 27, monumental sculptor and chairman of the Coleraine Republican Club, and James Fleming, 26, a sign-writer. An eight-hour search of Newcombe's home ten days earlier had failed to turn up the club's membership list. He is an employee of the Grand Master of the local Orange Lodge, and a member of People's Democracy and the Civil Rights movement, neither of them organisations committed to violence.

James Fleming's father is President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Coleraine, and believes this is why he was spared a preliminary raid. "I don't think they thought it wise to search my house and not that of the Orangemen," he said. The Fleming family was among those

Ardoyne, where the Provisionals are strongest, arrests were rather fewer.

Of the 58 Peoples Democracy members detained, virtually all are non-Communist Marxists, New Left Socialists or people further to the right. Old-fashioned Communist Party men do not seem to have been touched.

The only two identified Protestants interned are Ian Barr, chairman of the Civil Rights Association in Derry and John McGuffin, described as the only true anarchist in the Six counties, a pacifist who lectures in literature at Belfast College of Technology.

Nothing more aptly illustrates the hazardous execution and mis-trusted motives of the internment swoop than the case of a founder of Peoples Democracy, Michael Farrell. Farrell, friend of Bernadette Devlin and mentor of a generation of Belfast students, has played an active part in almost every important incident in Ulster opposition politics.

His views are fairly standard New Left, but his real strength lies in his intimate knowledge of and full-time application to politics. Tall, tough, young and eloquent, he is undoubtedly regarded by every brand of Unionist as one of their most formidable political opponents.

At a public meeting three weeks ago in Belfast, attended not only by 600 Catholic militants but by soldiers and Special Branch men, Farrell appeared to move some way from the non-violent Civil Rights approach he had hitherto advocated.

He called on his audience to organise militant action in the streets, adding, as Special Branch pencils flew over O'HMS notebooks, "On the streets it must be, because that is the only place

you can get anything" a proposition which, compared with Dr. Ian Paisley's fulminations, might be thought a very mild clarification.

The purpose of internment is not, allegedly, to imprison Catholic opponents of the regime, but rather to immobilise IRA terrorists so that political leaders on both sides could get down to serious negotiation. Farrell is undoubtedly one of the more important leaders on the Catholic side, with a following amongst Protestants as well.

As journalists hammered both the Army and the Home Affairs Ministry on the intriguing question of Farrell's arrest, a Government source finally broke silence on the subject by a manoeuvre which is being used increasingly in the Ulster propaganda war. In a non-attributable, off-the-record tip to a credulous London journalist, duly headlined the next day, Farrell was said to be a battalion commander in the IRA.

Fading credibility of the Army

This charge is not easy to disprove. But it is hard to see how Farrell could reconcile his non-sectarian, secular, socialist approach—which one of our reporters has often discussed with him—with the bombing and burning of Orange lodges and Protestant pubs, much less direct them with trench coat and Thompson gun as a battalion commander. Possibly he has attended some meetings of the official IRA. But how, on a simple day-to-day level, could he find time to run an IRA battalion (assuming the Officials have that much strength in Belfast)

on top of his exhausting cover activities as PD worker, pamphleteer, and lecturer in liberal studies?

We put this to an admittedly low-level, non-attributable Government source. "Well, these university fellows get plenty of holidays, don't they?" he counter-questioned.

The confidential tip-off to journalists, often used in the early days of any counter-insurgency propaganda war, is already beginning to rebound on the heads of the Army and the police, as credibility fades. Another case in point last week was that of Paddy McAdorey, a 25-year-old Provisional killed in action during the engagement in the Ardoyne on Monday night.

McAdorey, reputed to be the best shot in the Ardoyne, was certainly a Provisional lieutenant. But he was much more than that, according to an off-the-record disclosure to a journalist by an unidentified Army source: he was the man who shot two policemen last March.

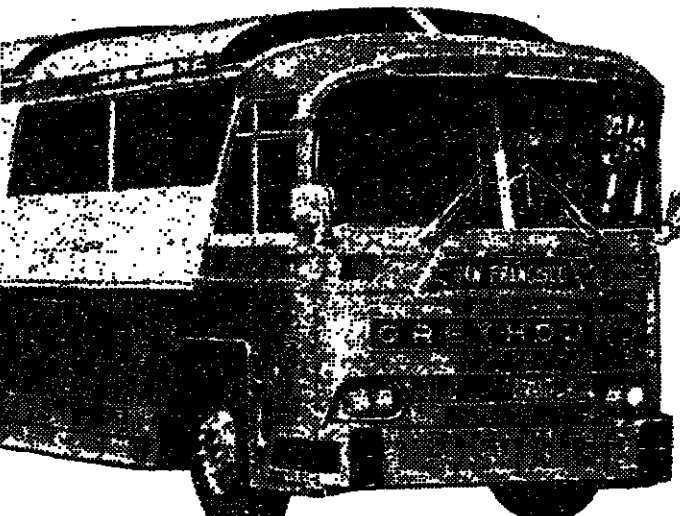
Next morning, an unidentified police source told other journalists that McAdorey was the man who killed three Scottish soldiers last February, but not as far they knew any policemen. Cornered about this apparent conflict of exclusive tip-offs at Brigadier Tickell's press conference on Friday, yet another official said: "Perhaps both are true. He could have done all five, you know."

● In addition to the Insight team, material for this report was supplied by Peter Lennon, Murray Sayle, Eric Jackson, Muriel Bowser, Hugo Young, John Whale, Peter Pringle, Derek Humphry and Denis Herbst.

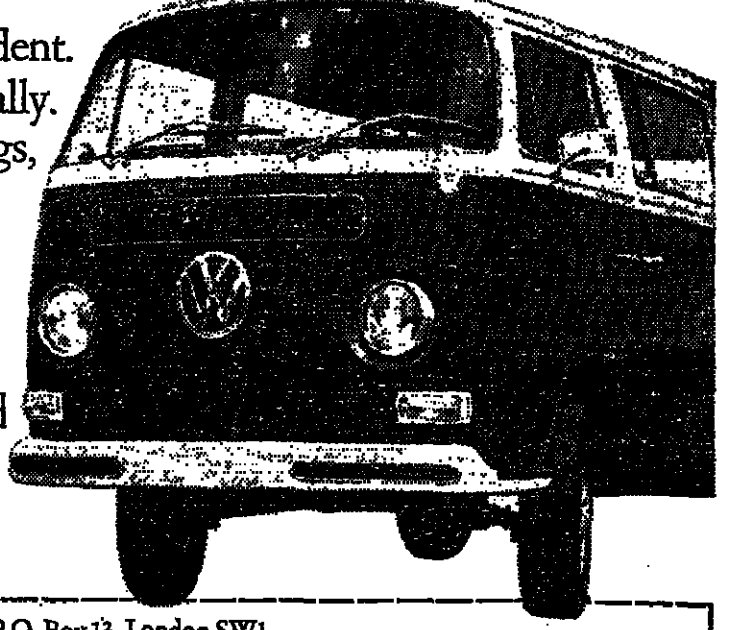
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THE ULSTER EXPLOSION

4

OPINION

INDEFINITE IMPRISONMENT without trial has become an instrument of justice within the United Kingdom. It has been used for a political end—the maintenance of the status quo in Northern Ireland; and it does not even appear to have been well used. Its aim was one-sided (no Orange extremists on the list for internment); its impact was incomplete; and its effect was deplorable (the burst of violence, the trail of refugees). The Army's long-held reservations about internment have been borne out. Although this was not the British Government's intention, British soldiers have been used to support the principle of Protestant supremacy.

It could not have been otherwise. The state they were called upon to shore up was rooted and grounded in that principle. When the Ulster Unionists settled in 1920 for an arrangement which kept only a part of Ireland linked to Britain, they made it as large a part as would be sure of providing them with an overall majority. When they saw that even among their chosen six counties there were two or more where their majority was fragile, they fiddled electoral boundaries to keep themselves in power. They packed the judiciary and intimidated juries. All this is known, attested. There may have been a time when it was still helpful to talk—as all three Governments concerned, in London, Belfast and Dublin, still insist on talking—in terms of improved Catholic participation in a system stacked against them by sheer numbers, for all the Northern Ireland Government's honourable efforts at reform. That time has gone by. If nothing else has, the fact and manner of internment has sent it flying. It is time now for the British Government to acknowledge that the fifty-year experiment of a Unionist Ulster with its own Parliament—a Protestant Parliament and a Protestant State—in the ingenious phrase of its first Prime Minister—has been a lamentable failure.

Is the British Government so drained of political invention that it can see no course except to hold on? Other possibilities exist, after all. Any consideration of them must start from the original evil: partition. It is not that partition itself, as an idea, was at fault. On the contrary, partition accurately reflected the central and melancholy truth which all realistic people ought by now to have learnt, if four hundred years of Irish history have not already taught it them: that in Northern Ireland, Protestants and Catholics cannot live together.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

A NEW FRONTIER?

in peace. It is the way partition has been carried out that is indefensible. The 1920 division did not divide the two communities from one another: it imprisoned part of one within the territory, and the power, of the other.

The Northern Ireland Government can fairly claim to have put several measures in hand, over the past two years, towards redeeming the wrongs to which this gave rise. Yet some of the changes have not yet been felt, and some are still unmade. New machinery for the fairer allocation of public housing has only just been set up: local councillors who have promised to forswear discriminatory hiring still represent gerrymandered wards: job discrimination in the private sector is virtually untouched. And even where the grievances have been alleviated, the hatreds remain.

The mainspring of Protestant behaviour is their fear of being engulfed in the far larger number of Catholics who inhabit Ireland as a whole. They would be most out of harm's way—harm suffered or inflicted—in an exclusive enclave of their own. If it contained virtually no one but Protestants, it could be no more than two-thirds the size of the present six-county area. Once its boundary was set, a term of years could be fixed during which anyone of either faith who found himself on the wrong side of the line and wished to move could be resettled and compensated. The enclave would retain its Protestant patterns of worship and behaviour and its formal links with Britain; but since its infrastructure—communications, transport, roads—would increasingly belong in an all-Ireland framework, the whole question of its parliamentary representation would need re-examining.

It would be absurd to suggest that this is the only formula for the future. But in the exhausted lull which may well now follow the storms of the past week, and after private ministerial contacts have cleared the way, it would not be beyond official wit to devise a number of feasible variants of some such plan for presentation to a full conference of all the interests involved. Unionist assent would be hard to get; but Unionists would share in the common advantages from such a settlement. If it could be achieved, the

Irish Government would win national unity without having to take total charge of unwilling Protestants: Protestants would win freedom from fear; and Northern Catholics would win freedom from Protestants. The ancient springs of terrorism in Ireland would begin to dry.

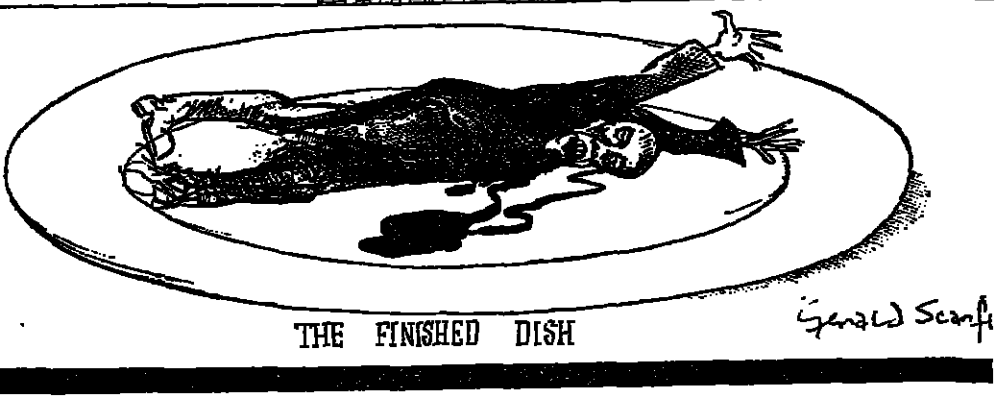
Powerful objections will of course be raised. It will be said that to consider any such changes, before law and order is restored, is to give in to the gunmen. But what will be the sign of such a restoration? And in what sense can law be said to be restored while men are still held without trial? Governments, like employers, often say they will never negotiate under duress; yet they often do, perhaps reflecting that a claim may be pressed by unjustifiable methods and still be justifiable in itself.

Then there is the claim that British public opinion is not prepared to see a group of people lose part of their British connection against their will. But opinion is at least as likely to rebel against the killing of British troops in an endless quarrel, and to become increasingly vocal for a bring-the-boys-home solution which would deny the responsibilities laid on Britain by geography and history. The British have already been able to note that affection for Britain among Ulster Protestants did not extend, until their arms were twisted, to emulating such central features of British life as a fair voting system and a civilian police force. The real value of the British connection to Unionists has been as the guarantee of Protestant ascendancy.

The gravest argument, though, against any attempt to alter Northern Ireland's political basis is the argument from the Protestant backlash. Oversold in other post-colonial situations or not, the settlers' counter-revolution remains an undoubted danger. Protestant militiamen would be more plentifully armed than the IRA, and might well be better led. Yet if the prospective settlement were seen to be just, their popular support could be expected to drop away: as the last stage of Britain's direct intervention in Ireland, the British Army would still be there; and it would have no option except to dispense the same severity to Protestant terrorists as it has meted out to Catholic. The fact that Ulster Unionists might react vengefully if their excessive share of territory and influence were taken from them is no good reason for leaving them in possession of it. The crucial fact is that the Northern Ireland adventure has not worked, any more than the latest expedient for prolonging it appears to have done. Change may be difficult. The status quo has become impossible.

HOW TO MAKE IRISH STEW

TAKE IRELAND
MIX IN CATHOLICS AND
PROTESTANTS
ADD POTATO FAMINE TO
REDUCE MIXTURE
STIR IN ENGLISH
ABSENTEE LANDLORDS
BRING TO SLOW BOIL
AND SIMMER FOR
FOUR CENTURIES
LATER—POUR IN
BRITISH ARMY
SQUEEZE CATHOLICS
ADD NAIL BOMBS AND
RUBBER BULLETS (READ IN
PRESSURE)
COOK ON C.S. HIGH SPEED GAS
AND RETIRE



THE FINISHED DISH

Gerald Scarth

ULSTER, the Admiral's Cup and the Helsinki Games are not the only happenings this August. In the Communist world, and at some of the points where that world touches the Western orbit, a number of significant developments are taking place. Though it would be artificial to try to force them all into a neat pattern, like the links of a chain, there is enough connection between some of them to suggest the still indistinct outlines of a new international order.

Among those developments are: Chinese and Soviet reactions to President Nixon's plan to visit Peking; the suddenly improved prospects for new arrangements for Berlin; Soviet pressures in the Balkans; and Mr Brezhnev's impending visit to Tito; and the new India-Soviet treaty, with the mounting risks of a head-on clash between India and Pakistan.

A reasonably clear picture of Chinese thinking is now emerging, built up from such sources as the five-hour interview which Mr James Reston of the New York Times had with Chou En-lai and the significant series of articles written for Le Monde from China by Le Robert Guillaumin, an old Far Eastern hand.

Despite the attacks against the US and "Western imperialism" which continue to come from the official Chinese propaganda machine, Chou En-lai and the inner circle of policy makers are apparently concerned above all with the threat to their northern borders from the Soviet Union and with the growth of Japan's economic and military power.

Formally, the Chinese position seems extremely rigid, whether it be on Formosa, Chinese representation at the UN, or the complete evacuation of American forces from Vietnam. So much so that Mr Nixon appears, in planning to

visit Peking, to be courting either humiliation or failure. In fact, the tone of Chou's talk with Mr Reston suggests that the President will find the going in Peking less difficult than the superficial facts promise. The Chinese, who want to break out of their isolation and above all to stop having to defend themselves on two fronts, are likely to appreciate better than anyone the importance of saving the American face as the US prepares to withdraw militarily from Vietnam.

If a new and healthier relationship between China and the Western world is to be established, however, the West will have to accept that from now on Asia is strictly for the Asians; no more Geneva-type conferences, in which a number of non-Asian powers, including the US, France and Britain, take it upon themselves to settle, or at least to try to settle, the affairs of the countries of Indochina.

If this line of Chinese thinking is fairly easy to follow or predict, this is less true for Chou's vision of the changing roles of the US, the USSR and Japan in Asia and the world. There is no doubt of the genuineness of Chinese apprehensions about Russia and Japan, nor of the diplomatic efforts of China to disrupt or offset Russian influence elsewhere: China welcomes British adhesion to the Common Market just because she sees in an enlarged Western Europe a restraining influence on the Soviet Union and a

challenge to the Moscow-Washington "duopoly." But exactly what sort of a new Pacific order Chou is going to propose to Mr Nixon is guesswork. All he would say to Mr Reston (at the latter's prompting) was that a non-aggression pact between the US, the Soviet Union and Japan was something a long way off but which he and the President might talk about.

Not surprisingly, Moscow is uneasy. It fears a possible anti-Soviet coalition and finds American objectives ambiguous. But, in trying to decide whether a Sino-American rapprochement is going to make the Soviet Union more or less difficult to live with, two things strike me as significant. First, the tone of Russian comment about the Nixon visit to Peking suggests that one of Moscow's major apprehensions is lest the current round of negotiations between the US and the Soviet Union, on various subjects and at various levels, will be prejudiced. "This dialogue," wrote an authoritative commentator, Georgi Arbatov, in Pravda last week, "is very important but it is not an easy one because confidence is needed for [the problems'] successful solution." In other words, the Russians, who are no keener than the Chinese to have two enemies instead of one, are still very interested in a detente with the US.

The second significant factor

follows on from this, and concerns the apparent Soviet readiness to agree to new arrangements for Berlin which would give guaranteed access to the western part of the city, itself 100 miles within East Germany. This weekend marks the tenth anniversary of the construction of the Berlin wall and the first anniversary of the signing of the German-Soviet treaty, whose ratification by the Bonn Parliament depends upon a Berlin settlement. Indeed, the whole prospect for a new phase in East-West relations in Europe and for the recognition, in fact if not in law, of the division of Europe hinges on an agreement on Berlin.

There is no proof that the Russians, who have dragged out the Berlin negotiations for so long, are now ready to conclude them. But if they are, the only possible deduction is that, with Chinese diplomacy seeking more and more to win friends and influence people, they want to formalise as finally as possible the division of Europe. Although there will be plenty of people in Federal Germany and elsewhere to disagree, I cannot see that the West has anything to fear from this recognition of the status quo. Nothing short of armed force (or, in terms of decades, the passage of time) is likely to alter that status quo, which is itself the aftermath of a World War now more

than a quarter of a century past.

If a Berlin settlement does lead to the activation of Bonn's treaties with Moscow and with Warsaw, and the restoration of normal diplomatic and trade relations between the two Germanies and between Western Germany and Poland and the USSR, the result can hardly fail to be beneficial in human as well as economic terms. If it also leads to a European security conference for which the Russians have so long been pressing, and that conference leads in turn to balanced force reductions in Europe, including the withdrawal of a certain number of American forces, that also will only be anticipating the inevitable: does anyone seriously think that the American administration to be elected or returned to power in next year's elections will want or be able to keep American forces in Europe at their present strength?

The same anxieties that lead the Russians to consolidate their position in Eastern Europe must also be the reason for their present Balkan manoeuvres, political and military. Here the pattern seems to be not only to strengthen Comecon (the Eastern European Common Market) and hold out the prospect of a joint convertible currency based on the rouble, but also to offset or neutralise the pro-Chinese tendency of Rumania, now and for some time past the real joker in the Balkan pack, at least in the field of foreign policy.

Mr Brezhnev's visit next

month to Belgrade is obviously connected with the (real or supposed) embryo of a Rumanian-Albanian-Yugoslav "Chinese" bloc. The present situation gives rise, as the doctors say, to some concern, especially to Rumania. But I cannot see much comparison between August 1968, when the Russians marched into Czechoslovakia, a monstrosity later justified by the Brezhnev doctrine of limited national sovereignty, and the situation today; whatever new order, or adaptation of the old, may be in the making in Eastern Europe, it is most unlikely, it seems to me, that the Russians will seek to achieve it by forceful repression.

The picture that thus far emerges is, on the whole, a relatively cheering one. Even if the precise outlines of a new international system both in the West and the East are difficult to see, the general trend seems to be towards negotiation rather than war, accommodation rather than challenge. But there is one, potentially alarming, exception to this general impression. It is to be found on the Indo-Pakistan borders, where old enmities have been fanned to fresh heat by the East Pakistan situation.

Moscow's new treaty with India can in this context be seen (if one is an optimist) as a useful warning to Pakistan and her Chinese ally not to start anything or (if one is a pessimist) as a grudging-up for a struggle in which the two great Communist Powers could find themselves face to face. Which ever turns out to be the true reading, it is possible that here, at the head of the Bay of Bengal rather than in the Middle East or the Balkans, even the Crumlin Road, lies the flash-point, the new area of instability. What happens in this area could still vitiate the prospects, now beginning to become hazily visible, for what might turn out to be a brave, or at the very least a safer, new world.

MAÑANA IN MAD MENORCA

PATRICK CAMPBELL

WHEN WE DOCKED in Mahon, Menorca, there was no sign of our hostess, but it wasn't surprising because owing to a following wind all night the boat was early.

Nevertheless, we were among the first ashore, because she was sure to be there at any moment. A surprisingly chilly wind was blowing, so we went into a dockside café. It was filled with dockers, throwing back some colourless but obviously fiery liquid and bawling at one another with the utmost geniality. It was 7.15 am.

At 7.20 we were driven out by the noise and went to sit on the only bench on the dock, in the shadow of the ship in which we'd just arrived. We were dressed for the tropical heat of Menorca, with the warmer threads in the car, which was still in the hold. Things might have been jollier on Wigan Pier on Christmas morning.

Half an hour later there was still no sign of Joanna, but some men were gathering round the stern of the ship. The genial dockers, limbering up for work and in no hurry to begin, with the breakfast methylated spirit still sparkling inside them.

They started unloading the cars from the after-hold, with ours securely buried in the for'ard one. It came off eventually at 9.30, when we were almost too stiff with cold to get into it. Still no hostess, but we set off for her house near San Luis, knowing that she had been raped, arrested or had returned to London.

We turned into the lane leading to the house. Like all Menorcan lanes it was three inches wider than the car and lined on both sides with unbroken stone walls. Round the next corner it was blocked by a lorry from which two men were very slowly unloading roofing tiles.

"That's it," said Madame. She got out of the car and disappeared round the lorry, glad to complete the rest of this interminable journey on foot.

Just under half an hour later the unloading was completed. One of the Spaniards made gestures indicating that I should back down to the main road, so that they could do likewise. This manoeuvre was achieved, a matter of perhaps a quarter of a mile.

I swung briskly into the lane again, re-traversed the quarter of a mile, turned the corner and found eleven black and white cows approaching at an even pace. In the rear, a mad old man in a broken straw hat seemed to be in charge of them. He, and the cows, however, came plodding on until eventually the two leaders reached the bonnet of the car.

That stopped them. Dr they stared mournfully through the wind. Behind them, the other and the mad old man came to a halt. No one knew I do.

With a single, d expletive I prepared to back to the main road looked through the window and there round the corner was elderly mule, drawing that was filled with what like about a ton of used An old man in a broke hat was asleep on top of

With this second hel meat moving in on me I a panic. I blew the least out of the wind shouted, "Hoy! Lool Buenos Diaz!" The mule steadily on until its ch framed in the rear v Undoubtedly, its fac dribbling on the roof.

It was enough to ma cry. I'd barely got t Nice from Manchester we'd driven 500 miles to north of Lyon and had the following day, to dr miles to Barcelona, to plane to Ibiza, to ret Barcelona two days lat put the car on the t Menorca and now look hemmed in on every s dusty, slaving fur.

By this time the mule had woken up and was in Spanish at the cd Obviously, they knew another well, having met lane with their various branches at the same time day for years. Neither of however, paid the least tion to the fact that the, now an additional encum in the middle.

I got out of the car, scarcely able to open th against the wall. The pi was simple. Either the should reverse into the from which they'd come, mule should push its car wards to the main road that wasn't how their ha saw it. They prefer straight battle of perso extending over the next

I joined in, with my words of Spanish. "Ad cried indiscriminately, favor!" I suppose, bye, please."

Weeks later we got the out of the car, sques through past the wall, i the cart round, I backed it, followed by the cow than for the third tim morning I re-entered th and found the two ladie ing a gossip breakfast patio.

Our hostess apologise not being at the port. said shyly, "thought Tuesday."

Why does anybody leave home?

THE HAUTE COUTURE of Paris is no longer an impregnable bastion. To those who have been waiting for the walls to fall, Yves Saint Laurent's announcement last week that he is deserting the Couture for ready-to-wear sounds like the trumpets at Jericho.

People have been killing off Paris for years, seven to be exact. But if Paris did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it. Paris exists as a centre of Couture because fashion needs a centre—not just to give buyers a junket, but just to give journalists, list headlines or manufacturers a lead, but as a shop window for the proliferation of matvillous craftsmen that have gathered there: the makers of buttons, bows, belts and buckles, the embroiderers, the creators of fabulous fabrics.

Paris survives, at present precariously, because it is the unique capital of fashion. Ideas increasingly often generate somewhere else—here, in Italy or in the USA, but it is Paris that gives them the stamp of approval. Why else did Ossie Clark, star of the King's Road, want to do a Paris collection? Fashion mirrors the times. It is confused because the times

NO KILLING THE COUTURE

ERNESTINE CARTER

are confused. The two greatest changes in fashion were, historians say, brought about by two revolutions: the French Revolution in 1642 and the French Revolution in 1789. We, too, have been through a revolution, though less bloody. Ours is sociological and technological. The old social hierarchies have vanished. We have a classless society, and in a classless society there is no one to assert a lead. We can all do our own thing. We can dress up as squaws, Eskimos, gypsies, Harlem Globe Trotters, milkmaids, farmhands; we can dress in second-hand clothes or Army surplus. The affluent young scour the boutiques, buy lavishly, discard easily. Their elders are almost afraid to shop.

Spiralling wages have every

year pushed the cost of hand-producing a one-at-a-time garment nearer the stars. The mainstay of couture profits has been from those models bought by manufacturers to be copied. It did not take too long for the couturiers to see that they might make more by becoming manufacturers themselves. And next, to have their own outlets. The couture operation was in danger of being crowded into becoming a laboratory of prototypes. It had lost a market and not yet found a rôle.

Designers had to cope too with television and its nostalgic programmes of old films—super as entertainment but only as Adlai Stevenson said of flattery, "as long as you don't inhale." Paris has sometimes seemed one large squint,

one eye on the telly, the other on the till.

Saint Laurent's decision has nothing to do with the Couture. It has to do with him—and the till. His backers, the American company Lanvin-Charles of the Ritz, were said to be underjoyed by collections which failed to please private clients. Their official explanation is that Saint Laurent finds the load of four collections a year (two couture and two ready-to-wear) "a killing job."

To most ready-to-wear designers four collections are a minimum. Can Saint Laurent sustain his fashion influence with only two? It is true that he is keeping a toehold in the Couture by continuing to dress private clients. Without Press exposure, can this relatively small activity create a powerful

enough image to support the internationally sold by-products that hang on his name—his scents and bath preparations, his shoes and accessories, and indeed, his Rive Gauche shops? It was said that the great Coco Chanel was recalled from retirement because the sales of her scents were dropping. That may be true or false, but history has shown that this tends to happen when the Couture identity fades out. The question seems to be not "can the Couture do without Yves?" but "can Yves do without the Couture?"

But Saint Laurent has recently identified himself with—and appealed most to—a young market which can neither afford couture prices nor are impressed by couture labels. Their wave-length is



Yves Saint Laurent and models in Bond Street

حزب العمال

THE ULSTER EXPLOSION

5

THE HUMAN TRAGEDIES



Funeral of Father Mullan, who was shot as he gave the Last Rites to a wounded man in Springfield Park, Belfast

DEATH OF A PRIEST

Lewis Chester on what the shooting of Fr. Mullan means

ONE DAY BEFORE his death, Hugh Mullan was a friendly, easy-going man in the Presbyterian church. He told me not to worry: his Springfield Park was the most tolerant and peaceful in Belfast.

His death was tragically premature. When Father Mullan was shot at dusk on an evening he was less than 100 yards from his door.

It was an easy mistake to make. The neat, suburban, red brick house that constituted Springfield Park seemed to be the liberal vision of a better world.

Children of both religions played happily in the field that lay in front of Father Mullan's house. Of the 90 in the road about 70 Catholics and the rest Protestants. It was not easy to tell which was which.

There were several "mixed" houses and other houses which defied classification. Just above Father Mullan's house there was a couple with a Protestant son and a Catholic daughter.

He was a Pakistani emigrant in Belfast as a Communications Officer. He had never been in Springfield Park. That bound his inabilities together were not related to a common sense of religion or class.

He was the kind of man you might find on any street in England. He was the kind of man who would be a neighbour in any town.

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gressiveness to the road's self-image.

But what Springfield Park thought of itself had, even by the time Father Mullan arrived, ceased to be relevant. Its collective fate was already being determined by factors beyond its control. Public accommodation of the "over-spill" from the Falls and Shankill had pursued them into what was once Belfast's "green belt".

To the west there was the extension of Ballymurphy, the New Barnsley Estate, solid Catholic. To the east, starting at the ridge overlooking Father Mullan's house, there was the even more recent Springfield Estate, solid Protestant.

On Monday, after the internment process started, these massive sectarian power blocs were lured into confrontation across Springfield Park. It began with a mid-morning chorus from the boys of Protestant Springfield singing: "Where's Your Daddy Gone?" Shortly after, the first rocks came down from the flats on the ridge. There was no retaliation: Father Mullan who was in the Park all day saw to that.

He rang the police and the military. No police came but the military rerouted an armoured car through Springfield and the stone-throwing eased off. It was to be the last concrete evidence of a "military presence" in Springfield Park, after all, was only a tiny sector of the area being held down by less than a hundred British "paras".

They had 20,000 people in their charge, most of them boiling with rage. After lunch the logic of escalation took over. The stone throwing and jeering started again. At 4 pm Father Mullan climbed the ridge and attempted to pacify the youth of Springfield.

He tried to explain that Springfield Park was no match for them—it did not have enough teenagers to raise a football team much less a serviceable mob. There were over a hundred children in the Park aged less than 12 years old; these were the kind of people who would get hurt if the bombardment continued. His thesis was obscured by cries

of "Fennian bastard" and "Get lost Taig". It was the last phase of passive resistance. While Father Mullan returned to his telephone to try to get some kind of official protection, word got back to the boys in Ballymurphy that Springfield Park was "under attack".

By 7 o'clock there were several hundred Catholic reinforcements storming through Springfield's well-tended privet and returning rock for rock. Father Mullan's role as a pacifier was no longer of any use. He could only pick up the pieces.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the first shot rang out. The consensus among both Catholics and Protestants in the road was that it came from the Protestant-held ridge. But nobody could be absolutely sure. For some of the incoming Catholics had guns and were looting them off before darting back into Ballymurphy to take up position for longer range sniping.

As soon as the shots started many families at the top of Springfield Park decided that evacuation of their children was an urgent necessity. They headed instinctively for the community centre in Ballymurphy. To get there they had to cross the field in front of Father Mullan's house. This was precisely the exit route taken by the armed reinforcements from Ballymurphy.

But even in sectarian shoot-outs there is apparently a code. It was still not quite dark and as women and children or men with infants in their arms crossed the field the shooting died down. Only men on their own were at risk.

The code unfortunately did not cater for the special circumstances of Springfield Park—the total roster was two of the road than there were able-bodied men to carry them.

Some of the men, therefore, had to run a ferry service which meant that they had to go back across the field without the immunity of a child in arms.

Around 8.30 pm a Catholic youth, aged 19, went back to pick up another child and was shot. He fell directly in front of Father Mullan's house.

Somebody called for a priest and Father Mullan set off across the grass with a white handkerchief raised.

Could he have been mistaken for a runaway gunman? It seems possible but improbable. He was shot twice, once through the leg and once through the heart: by high-velocity bullets.

The young man he went to survive but, like many of those caught up in the conflict, he does not want his name revealed for fear of reprisals. But he did describe the experience on Irish radio. He had no doubt that the sniper was conscious of his target.

"I lay there, and somebody saw I had been hit and said they would get a stretcher and that a priest would come to anoint me. He asked me if I minded going to the hospital and I said No.

"They knew the priest was giving me the Last Rites, and when he went to phone for an ambulance he was shot down. They could see clearly he was a priest."

He thought that Father Mullan was shot by a British soldier. One of Father Mullan's neighbours, who had a pair of field-glasses trained on the roofs of the Springfield flats just before the incident, says that he saw two armed men up there with "military-style" uniforms. But he could not swear whether they were British soldiers or members of some para-military outfit.

The Special Branch is now investigating the denomination of the bullets that killed Father Mullan: were they Protestant or Catholic or perhaps even military. It is a problem that needs to be resolved, but what killed Father Mullan is already all too clear.

He and the other six victims of that night in Springfield Park—the total roster was two dead and five wounded—had wandered into no-man's land. The ultimate mistake of the Springfield residents was that they thought they could preserve an oasis of tolerance while all those around were taking up sides.

It seems that few will make that mistake again. By Thursday of last week, the day of Father Mullan's funeral, over half the houses in Springfield Park had been abandoned with the mortgages still to pay off. Two days before the shooting, Father Mullan's next door neighbour got a valuation of £4,000 for his house. Today, he could not give it away.

JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT last Tuesday a tiny baker's van rattled through the main gate of the Gormanston army camp, biggest of the eight refugee centres opened by the Irish Government last week. As incredulous sentries looked on, 23 young children and two women tumbled from the back, like something out of a Keystone Cops movie.

The van had left the Falls Road where it had been part of a barricade almost five hours earlier. Its cramped passengers were the advance guard of a flood of refugees which now threatens to overwhelm the brave but inexperienced efforts of the Irish Government to cope with a problem which has rapidly assumed far greater proportions than anyone had planned for.

Twelve hours after the van arrived there were 1,600 refugees in Gormanston, which is a small training camp 25 miles north of Dublin that normally reckons to handle about 308 people. The Irish Army has about 100 men on duty there, helped by some young cadets doing their annual camp.

Most of the refugees came in the first official train from Belfast. Others arrived in clapped-out vans and cars, smoke blackened coaches and open lorries. A party of 17 mentally retarded and spastic children came in a mini bus and two cars shepherded by a couple of nurses and two 15-year-old boys. A stray CS canister had hit the bus when it was leaving Belfast and some of the children were still coughing and rubbing inflamed eyes.

By Friday some 5,000 refugees had crossed the border. Gormanston was bursting at the seams with more than 3,000 people, and the Irish Army was losing the battle to keep them moving on to other permanent camps farther south.

About three-quarters of the Gormanston refugees are children, the majority under 12. The rest are women and old people. There are no grown men—drivers and escorts invariably went straight back to Belfast, some to fight but most to hang on to their jobs. There are very few teenage boys around and those you see complain bitterly of being forced to leave the fighting to bring younger brothers and sisters out.

There is little evidence of any cohesive central organisation behind the refugee movement. What seems to have happened in the Falls Road and Ballymurphy districts—from which most of the Gormanston refugees come—was a spontaneous community decision that the fighting had become just too bad and that women and children had to be sent away. Most women I spoke to said their "man" had simply told them to pack a few things and leave.

Virtually all of them brought other people's children out too. "The men decided we had to go and my husband told me to help collect the rest of the young kids in our street," one woman said. She brought out 16 children all told. Like most

of the refugee women, she refused to give her name—"My husband's still there."

A teenage girl from the Lower Falls explained how her husband had moved himself and his seven young brothers and sisters to the South. "The shooting was going on everywhere," she recalled. "We ran two miles to the Parish Church and then a priest wangled us on a train for Dublin." There was, not surprisingly, overwhelming cynicism among refugees at Friday's call by the Chief Constable of Belfast for the RUC to "identify persons responsible for intimidation or arson and bring them to justice."

The vast majority of refugees are, naturally, Catholics but a few hundred Protestants have come out too. "I've had enough," a mother of five said wearily. "We're going to relatives in London." The Irish Army scrupulously refrains from asking incoming refugees about their religion.

The refugees expressed bitter hostility towards the British Army, with what justification it was impossible to tell. Many women insisted they had been shoved, sworn at and generally harassed by soldiers when they were leaving with the children. Some claim that troops ignored Protestant

Refugees: the bitter exodus

Philip Jacobson joins 5,000 on the trek to the South

Peter Dunne



Comfort for a baby refugee at Gormanston camp

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This is, to some extent, a natural reaction to the terrifying events that have become part of everyday life in Belfast and Derry. But it is also very plain that a whole new generation of potential street fighters is being shaped in the refugee camps of Southern Ireland. While the weather stayed

dry, physical conditions at Gormanston were not too bad. The ancient Nissen huts are fairly grim accommodation but, early in the week, there were at least enough beds to go round if several children slept together. The hard pressed cookhouse was just about coping, though you had to queue for a couple of hours or more for a breakfast of cereal, bacon and eggs and tea.

There's plenty of open space and grass where the younger kids can play. The older girls—often carefully made up and fashionably dressed—flirted with the young cadets and consumed innumerable soft drinks from the equivalent of the NAAFI. The women sat around anxiously listening to transistor radios and scanning the few newspapers available. One suddenly burst into tears after hearing of the death of a cousin, shot in a gun battle at Whitelock.

All the time, a regular shuttle service of Dublin city buses was moving the refugees on to permanent camps farther South. As soon as the really heavy flow began, however, Gormanston took on the depressingly familiar appearance of any refugee camp anywhere.

The children suddenly looked like all refugee children—dirty, exhausted, frightened and uncomprehending. Tired women with plastic bags full of clothing hastily snatched up were huddled on chairs in the persistent rain, arguing, abusing and pleading with the harassed soldiers. As food ran short and the mess-hall queue got longer, even the miraculous patience and good humour of the Irish soldiers was cracking.

With long delays developing before the move to another camp, the refugees' morale reached rock bottom. Late on Thursday about 1,000 people who had arrived that day from Belfast demanded to be returned. The Army patiently took them to the station and put them on a special train heading back North. When they reached Belfast's Great Victoria Station, they were turned round again, and trekked back to Gormanston.

There has been much less pressure on the three main camps set up to receive refugees from Derry and other West Coast districts. By Friday fewer than 600 people had crossed to the South from this area, passing through the Finer transit camp in Donegal to well prepared permanent quarters farther South.

The Irish Government has done its best to cope with the refugees. It never expected so many and it simply has not got the capacity to handle them, particularly the heavy proportion of young children. It is opening every army camp it can find, clearing schools and hospitals and desperately improving conditions at existing camps. But if the flow continues, and some officials fear another 5,000 may cross in the next few days, the situation would become impossible. At that point, some Government sources suggest, there would have to be international action.

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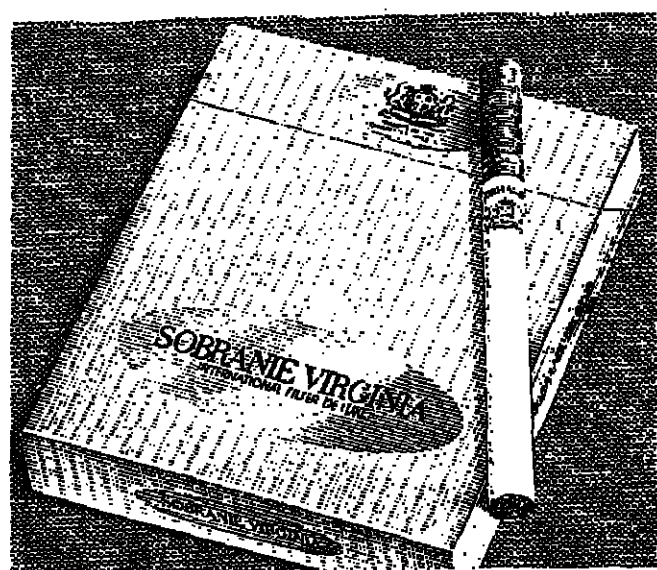
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At the end of a triumphant tour, VIVIAN JENKINS pays tribute to the wonderful 1971 Lions

These Lions are the greatest



DR DOUG SMITH, the Lions' Manager, should be known as the "Witch Doctor" after this draw in the fourth and final Test in Auckland, writes Virginia Jenkins.

Many people, including the author, have never left Eastbourne last May, he predicted that they would win the series in New Zealand 2-1 with one match drawn. Since then he has relatered the foreboding words, and again, and again, people thought him quite mad. But the laugh, very definitely, is now with him, and a mighty grin he wore as his players came off the field after this battling and bruising match.

Rugby classic by any means—it was far too hard and tensely fought for that—but a draw, with the All Blacks getting a goal, two goals and a drop goal, and the Lions' goal, two penalty goals and a dropped goal was a just result.

Both teams won equal honours from a contest which was mainly confined to the forwards, and where backs intruded at their peril. It was symbolic of the match that Gordon Brown, the

big Scottish lock, had to have 14 stitches inserted in a gash in his leg after the game, and five stitches in a cut over his right eye.

He had to leave the field 20 minutes from the end after playing another wonderful game, and was replaced by the equally big Welshman, Delme Thomas. By then, though, the Lions had gone into a 14-11 lead, thanks most immediately to a fantastic, crowd-stunning dropped goal by full-back John Williams.

With some sporadic Lions passing going on between the All Blacks and the Welsh, the game went back to Williams just beyond the 10-yard line, and he let fly with a soaring drop-kick that sailed on and on, until it cleared the bar with what looked like 30 or 40 feet to spare. A sensational moment in the build-up, and Williams could not have picked a better moment to drop his first goal in an international match.

We thought then that the Lions, with the wind and sun in their

New Zealand ... 14 pts

favour, were going to win, but there had been a long period in the first half when the AJL Blacks, equally, had looked likely to come out on top. They started off with a fearsome rush, as though Siberia at the very least awaited them if they failed. The early line-outs were no place at all for any peace-loving member of the community, and first Gareth Edwards, bowled over like a cork, and then Brown, stopping a punch which might have come to him, lay from there. Brown and Edwards were kid-love.

That led in turn to an all-out counter-attack by the Lions, and to a general mêlée, with fists flying in all directions, which finally cooled things down. Referee Priest had to speak to several players on the stage.

Gareth Edwards was only sporadic instances of "dirty," from one of which the Lions, I am happy to say, acquired a much-needed three points. Brian

British Isles ... 14 pts

Muller, the 18st All Blacks prop, blatantly booted a recumbent Lion on the far side of a ruck and Mr Pring, who has contributed much to the series, was quick to spot it and apply the necessary punishment. Barry Jackson kicked the penalty goal from 40 yards, and the Lions, instead of being level at 8-8, were 14-8 ahead.

Muller had been throwing his weight around most of the afternoon, and his captain, selectors and coaches were alarmed at the Jockeys' crowd of 56,000 must have cursed him for his inane lapse.

The All Blacks, in that hectic, whirlwind first quarter of an hour, went to an 8-0 lead.

Only five minutes after the start of the Colin Meade-led attack on the downwind with the sun behind him—some snappy handling by the All Blacks backs saw Cottrill dash over the near the posts for Mains to convert. Eight minutes

Later Mains seemed again, with a 35-yard penalty straight on after Edwards had put the ball in crooked at a scrum.

Things looked bad for the Lions, but they were being fished out into errors, and the All Blacks were going great guns. Also John Jones missed the easiest of penalties from 20 yards, near the posts, when he tried a toe-kick with the ball sloping away.

Then came the pound, instead of using his normal instep method. It was the first time of the tour he had changed, and it seemed the wildest of times to experiment.

His explanation afterwards was: "The wind was blowing diagonally across me from left to right, and I didn't think I would be able to curve the ball in from the left-hand side of the field if I used my normal instep." It was a good excuse, for in France in Paris last year in similar conditions, and it was my best effort of the match."

Be that as it may, his lapse caused consternation in the Lions' camp, and much surmise. Not to

worry—before half-time as he kicked a compensatory penalty from 35 yards.

The referee was quick to get back to work, blowing the whistle for time-out, and converted try for Peter Dixon to make it 8-5. Dixon battled his way through from the fringes of ruck a couple of yards from the All Blacks line after Edwards had nearly reached. He burst forward from a line-out.

In the second half, John Kirk hit his second penalty goal, this time from 40 yards after Muller has offended; Lister dropped over from a line-out for a try, unconverted, for New Zealand (11-1).

Williams kicked his gargantuan boot, got a goal from the 50-yard mark, kicking the ball into the Mains, in the 37th minute of the half, kicked an equalising penalty goal from 26 yards.

New Zealand—J. W. Mahler, R. B. Campbell, J. G. Williams, W. D. Cottrell, S. M. Brown, P. Dixon, J. A. G. Hogg, C. E. Lister, C. Meads, G. G. R. A. Guy, H. W. Norton, B. H. Muller.

Briarley Isles—J. P. R. Williams, T. J. Davies, J. G. Ockendon, J. Second round, P. Dixon, J. A. G. Hogg, J. Lynch, J. P. Pullin, J. McCausland.

Referee—J. F. G. Pring.


John Williams, 22, full-back. The "Rock" Played in all four Tests, and produced finest rugby of his life Reckoned by New Zealanders to be best full-back in the world.


David Duckham, 25, left or right-wing. Converted centre, started tour Coventry, but went on to show his best Covertly and England form.


Barry John, 26, fly-half. "The King" to all New Zealand. Has smashed every scoring record for touring player.


Gordon Brown, 22, lock. Known as "Broon of Troon" to his friends, but christened "baby-face" by New Zealanders. He soon proved them wrong.


Ian McLauchlan, 28, loose head prop. The "Mighty Moose," one of the characters of the tour. Amazing strength, at only 5ft 6in and 145lb.


Derek Quinlan, 21, uncapped player. Only uncapped player, for the home counties, in side. Much troubled by knee injury on tour, but played great game in third Test.


Gerald Davies, 20, right-wing. First capped by Wales, as centre. Has found his real niche on wing. Brilliant side-stepper. Has scored some sensational tries.


Mike Gibson, 28, right-centre. Reached new heights on this tour. Capped 35 times for Ireland, has fitted in perfectly.


Gareth Edwards, 24, scrum-half. Not "rated" by New Zealanders in 1969; has proved them wrong.


Sean Lynch, 28, tight head prop. Keeps a pub in Dublin, so knows a thing or two. Stepped into the breach nobly, with Ian McLauchlan.


Peter Dixon, 27, wing-forward. Chosen as No. 8, but converted to wing-forward for Tests when other players injured. Made good job of it.


Willie John McBride, 31, lock. The "Daddy" of them all. Capped 45 times for Ireland, and only player to have gone on four Lions' tours. Universally accepted as one of the world's great forwards.


John Bevan, centre. 20, equalled O'Reilly's of 17 tries for New Zealand.


John Dawkins, 25, man to cap team abroad. cock-smooth at doubters, the perfect


Mervyn Davies, 28, shaped pole. at 6ft 12lb, but they call specialist.


John Pullin, West Country. who represented four Tests, the thick


John Taylor, 20, wing-forward. for New Zealand and was a second Test back for it played up


Declan, 21, lock. Played two Tests, replaced Brown. looked part of the tour, almost

Making a meal of the delays

by Robin Marlar

Breazley began with an aggressive piece of team selection, dropping Featherstone to make room for a third spinner, Latchman, to join Edmonds and Timmus. The first over was rain-affected runs, so this was a brave decision. Breazley won the toss and Russell and Smith scored three in the four-and-a-half overs before the rain.

The weather and the system then proceeded to mock a crowd faced by two series of cricket mirages. Two issues raised their heads as the rain returned. One spoke with which umpires and captains seek shelter from a little rain or light that is far from dangerous. The success of the second was Guille's retirement.

ended in dusk at 8.50 pm because both sides wanted to play.

Why is lunch necessary during three days away? It is because the work, cricketers could follow the lunch-time behaviour of workers in offices and factories who use the time for anything other than actually working, and going to cricket matches. Would it not be better to give player sandwiches between 11 am and 1.30, provide drinks and fruit to serve a hot meal from 3 pm to 3.45. The sun shone brightly from the moment the decision to take early lunch was announced, and the first day was a net result of play of 1.55 pm, the pitch being playable all the time.

Willis, still far from happy with his run, and Arnold made the ball hit occasionally, and off the back of the net, edged to the wicketkeeper. He waited for

the umpire's finger, as seems to be the formula these days. Smith made some attractive shots, but was yanked by Willis.

Parfitt and Radley then put on 50 together. Arnold saw two chances evaporate, and Pococke had innuendoes about the umpire's head down. Under the new law it is almost impossible to get a verdict, it seems. Then came the fullback, and one could not help feeling that the Wallabies were Barry's left arm. A discovery which cannot get a place. There is no question that we have too many overseas players, and what is worse counties are lumbered with them.

● ONLY three of the nine matches scheduled to start yesterday managed to get off the ground, but all had some bearing on the championship.

● The important game of the lot even managed to start on time.

Appropriately this was at Lord's where the wicket-keeper Middlesex (179 pts) took 20 catches, while the wicket-keeper Surrey (162 pts. from 17 games) took 18.

At Eastbourne, Sussex, deep in mid-table mediocrity as usual, won the toss against Somerset (175pts from 19 games). Play was possible at 2.45 pm and Mike (10 not out), Greenidge (21 not out), and Prideaux (12 not out), put on 59 in the first hour and a half. A fine start by Sussex standards.

Play started at 2.30 pm at Folkestone, and Kent must have wished it hadn't. Leary, captaining the side in place of the injured Denness, won the toss and decided to bat. By tea, Kent (180 points from 15 matches) had lost five wickets for 98. They were only playing Glamorgan too.

● **BOBBY SIMPSON**, former Australian Test captain, wants a World Cup cricket competition to secure the sport's future.

Simpson wrote in the Sydney Daily Telegraph that every cricketing nation, including the minor nations such as Holland, Canada and the United States, should play in a 1972 World Cup in England. Australia should take the initiative and host the 1972 England match which should be replaced by the World Cup.

Ireland enthuse

THE remarkable team spirit that has been forged among the cricketers in Ireland can be measured by the composition of the 13-man party picked for the final three games of the season that has already brought a draw against Scotland and most convincing win over the Welsh.

Success breeds enthusiasm and with the prospect of further victories to come the selectors must have been delighted to be able to call on the services of a player who, at Portlough, against the Combined Services, at Lord's, against the MCC, and at Aalborg, against Denmark, has been a constant presence.

These games take place between August 21 and 29 and the side that did so well against Wales has been kept intact, with the exception of two players going to batmen Jim Harrison, an unavoidable absentee last weekend and Aisfe Lineham, the only cricketer player involved in the recent football controversy. The players have played the himself into the sights of the international selectors this summer with a succession of high scores and a superb catch in cup and league cricket.

A middle-order bat who excels in the field, he is essentially a

York can please all

by Roger Mortimer

fully blended to please not only the highbrows who prefer condition races even though such events are inclined to produce meagre fields, but also the many who are content to relish a crack at the bookmakers' odds, caps with 12 or more runners. The meeting provides a lively social occasion, too, and all over the country Lithuanian aid payments will be kept at full stretch, helping to maintain the high standards of northern hospitality with hardly a moment to pop down to the betting shop and place a Yankee or Noel Murless' runner.

The Great Volynian Stakes is nearly always a St. Leger trial, and a more significant one than yesterday's field will include fancied competitors for the classic, Homeric and Athenian and Wood, the latter of whom will be Pigott's mount at Doncaster.

There is a further interest in the Derby Trial with Athens' undefeated who was noticeably unlucky, closely averted up third. In the Derby, Athens' mount

32 months ago in such remarkable style. The owner of the winner is expected to make the main speech at the Gumcrack Club's dinner in December, a tradition that deters certain diffident owners, who would sooner hand- wedge a large onion bed than indulge in public oratory.

Be that as it may, there are some very good two-year-olds in Thursday's race. Philip of Spain, by Tudor Melody, won the New State Stakes at Saratoga by seven lengths, while in the Chesham Sakes at the same meeting the American-bred Meadow Mint, by Herbage, beat Pandora, who later won the Cherry Hinton Stakes at Newmarket.

Philip of Spain probably the faster; Meadow Mint may make the sounder starter. Not to be under-rated is the speedy north-country grey, Flintham, who won the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket and the £9,500 Ribblesdale Stakes at Doncaster. My vote goes to Philip of Spain.

perfect racing tempe and he is certain to be beating a French four-year-gomery, whose dam won this race nine Constans, incidental and carry 10st to vi- Warewood Stakes on

As far as betting g popular race at Yor- mule Johnnie Walkei dicap. I give a f chance to Arthur B- mine City, trained by Charlotteville, t- two of her four races She is not badly t 7st 11lb.

Alonso can win Stakes for Murrell Mezzanine, beaten experience at Ascot- sion to win the Grev- Piggott's mount. Ma- be just too good Prendergast's Max- won so smoothly at G- the Prince of Wi-

Now I remember...or do I?

ONE of the saddest sights you'll see is in Hyde Park any Sunday. There the expatriate Americans play what the English think must be baseball, but is actually softball. This is a big girl's game, played by fat and thin, fat old men and expatriates who never did play baseball back home but who become super-Americans over here, rather like the weedy, round middle-aged Englishman whom you used to see—and maybe still can see—standing around Harvard in cricket flannels with The Times under one arm and accents which would make you cringe. I remember reading the Daily Mail and kicking footballs against brick walls.

Eighty-seven per cent of the Hyde Park softball players and the others, who will walk a mile to get to the game, come from the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune with the baseball printed in it, never sat in the bleachers of a ball park after the war.

They are simply feeling that loss of identity which creeps in on the expatriate some time after two years or so abroad.

Better get the Paris Trib, man! Better get the Paris Trib, man! But these are the better days, all these new leagues are and who it was who led the American League in Runs Batted In. Lie awake at night trying to remember the names of the 1946 league winning Boston Red Sox team.

... let's see, Rudy York at first base, Bobby Dorr at second, Joe Judge at third, Alvin Dark at fourth, Ed Delmonico at fifth, and left field, Ray DiGirolamo batted .302 in '41—in left field, and who was that at short stop?



Our guest columnist this week is **STANLEY REYNOLDS**, an expatriate American, who writes about the sport that was once his way of life

switch hitter, who could bat either left or right handed? You mean Mickey Vernon, Mickey Mantle? Well, he grew old while you were away. Mickey doesn't play anymore. . . . Don't tell me Whitey Ford's got real white hair now and does he too grow one like fifteen hair balls.

When he talks about you? You don't even know the teams any more, because they made four leagues where there used to be two, and at these new big cities out West someone have their own teams now.

The New York Giants, the New Boston Braves, the old Philadelphia Athletics, have become, and even the Dodgers, the BROOKLYN Dodgers with fans who were the Kop of baseball, the actual moved the Dodgers out of Brooklyn, took them away from Ebbets Field and put them down in the middle of Los Angeles, California, 5,000 miles away. Can you imagine them moving, from the Isle of Skye, or putting Liverpool FC into the middle of London?

At the time I was in Boston, when the Red Sox won the American League—the first time since 1846—a few years ago, and I didn't even know about it until

year later. It was too much to trouble getting the American papers, and then I had simply forgotten about baseball.

Or had I? For years I homed myself in English—born son, spin boy, with the lost lore of my national sport. "You stand like this at third base, kid, ready to catch the ball fast." "Yes, dad."

"Now when you've not to give them a bit of that old infield chatter that needles the batter like 'dum dingy baby boy.' There's a woman looking funny at you across the street, dad."

"Now at third base you've got to watch for Texas sluggers. You can't let 'em get away from the infield and too short for the outfield to catch." "What's an infield, dad?" "Shut up and listen . . . 'dum dingy baby boy' is what you get when you shout like that. 'Dum dingy baby.' He's no hit, he's no home, he's no hit."

"Dad, that woman's brought her husband out look at you now . . . Never mind them, listen to me. I remember once back in '46 . . ."

But do you remember? It is all becoming lost in the quagmire of the attic part of the mind. The names, the batting averages, the statistics, the numbers, the facts, all once so clear, have been lost like the collection of pictures of baseball players you used to have. The pictures came with that old, pink, stinky paper which was covered in powdery sugar, the smell of which you can remember now better than the ball players themselves.

Over the past three years the image of Irish cricket has improved considerably. The man who has done most to improve it is the man who shares the opening attack with Alec O'Riordan, proving himself the shrewd leader of a team which has remained largely unchanged.

All-rounder Gerry Duffy was unable to play against Scotland and gave way to Brendan O'Brien, who, in turn, was omitted against Wales to make room for the return of Duffy.

Against Wales, when left-arm spinner Dermot Monteith took 1 for 128 to bring his total of wickets to 229, O'Brien was dismissed for 26 (average 22.92). O'Brien was recalled to hold his place.

What will come when more drastic changes are required, but for the moment the selectors are naturally content to leave everything as it is. O'Brien is a well-balanced team that has real confidence in its own ability and therefore has no need of a captain to further enhance their reputational value before the end of the month.

For all this public support for the selectors, the selectors themselves and the Irish Cricket Union, who brought Holland to Clontarf, it is a pity that the selectors of the most attractive set of players in the country, the selectors of the College Park are the home of Dublin cricket, have been so slow to take the limelight earlier in the season, when the Leprechauns staged a notable success against the English.

The "gate" was almost nonexistent, confirming that the match in the Dublin street is still preferred to watch cricket, provided the match is of sufficient interest. It is more important, readily available

Woodward

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

[illegible][illegible]

Lingfieldt. Att.: Sequence.

Piccadilly: moral fibre golf and...

GOLF

Henry Longhurst

WRITER on sport or, come to that, on subject has been in his bonnet, long as he admits it, there is nothing wrong in that. My own in golf, on I have been pontificating without or about 40 years, are tolerably well by now to our regular customers.

Top of the list I think I should slow play, by which a day's golf usually become accepted as one round of two, taking anything up to four in American five and a half. Also the list comes the lunacy of being into thinking that a set of clubs is 14, of what it was in earlier days, namely under you cared to carry. Generally, the number with which Harry won his last Open Championship, turned to little uncarriable bags and to little perambulators on which they round and then in America, the final absurdity in all sport, little carts in which to wheel round not clubs but the players as well.

which buzzes almost equally loudly in bonnet is match play, at the very of which by comparison with these able "round and round and round" tournaments the senses tend to I must not tilt too much at our friends. Both they and we are entitled to play our games as we and in this particular question they sit on their side, while we have illogical preference, The golfer who goes out for a day, golf that score he can "shoot". If there to be five in the party, over there would almost certainly split up into two. Over there they would all round together, each holding out to the counting his score, and cheering six hours in the process.

is, as I say, is perfectly logical. If partner in a fourball—themselves perhaps of all forms of golf—happen our tee shot dead at a short hole, really no point in my playing, since tainly not going to hole out in one. I am going to fill it in my playe later hand it dutifully in for the of the handicapping committee.

ember so well a letter quoted by strated somewhere around the turn

of the century from the then President of the US Golf Association urging golfers to remember that it was essentially a stroke play game, never mind what the British might say to the contrary, and so it has remained.

For the very best players, professionals whose living depends on results, there has always been a natural prejudice against knock-out match play, especially if unseeded. No Gollath likes to risk a knock-out from a single freak round by some David never to be heard of again, though it is remarkable how often the Gollaths used to get through. Walter Hagen won the US PGA Championship when it was knock-out match play five times and from 1924 onwards four times in a row. Gene Sarazen won more matches than anyone else, 51 against Hagen's 40. In the Amateurs Championship on both sides of the Atlantic in successive years, 1934 and 1935, Lawson Little won no fewer than 32 matches without defeat, and all but four of them over 18 holes.

The popularity of the Piccadilly event at Wentworth is in my opinion almost solely due to its being match play, with the knowledge that the loser packs his bag and goes home, having to admit that he was beaten by so and so. If he finishes fourth in the Open, he says: "I was fourth," upon which his friends congratulate him. He does not say: "I was beaten by Smith, Jones and Robinson."

My own experience in a slightly less elevated sphere convinces me that match play requires a much higher form of moral fibre than stroke play. I never found any great difficulty in weaving a sort of cocoon of concentration around myself in medal play—apart from a period after I inadvertently tipped my car over three times on returning from the Midland Championship. Delayed concussion set me back in the art of golfing concentration for two or three years and it is an interesting reflection, at any rate to me, that if I had only had one of these publicised seat belts I should almost certainly have now been dead for 43 years.

On one historic occasion at Wentworth, Gary Player, seven down to Tony Lema with 17 to play, overheard one of our readers, who later gallantly confessed and revealed his identity, observing that there was no point in watching this particular match any further. This really set him going and he overtook poor Lema, upon whom the trees seemed to close in as though he were playing down a tunnel, at the 37th. Could it seriously be suggested that Lema would have dropped seven strokes in 17 holes if it had not been a match? The essence of the great play-off for this year's US Open between Trevino and Nicklaus was that it was an individual best weight contest, bound in the end to finish with a knock-out.

The point to which I have been so long in leading up is that in both countries we are returning if not to match play, at least to an enjoyable compromise, namely knock-out match play decided not by holes up and down but by the number of strokes taken. With television playing so large a part in golfing promotion knock-out match play is a dead loss, since you might in theory have a winning day with not a single match going past the 15th. The present compromise does at least retain the man-to-man, "loser to pack his bag and go home" essence of match play. This was the formula for the minor Piccadilly event at Southerndown.

I defy anyone not to admit to a certain thrill on reading for instance, how Alliss, edged with Coles coming to the last green and with Coles only 10ft away in two, holed all across the green to beat his man by one stroke. How different from merely observing among a long list of names that Alliss happened to be lying one stroke ahead of, among others, Coles! I need hardly add that there is nothing personal in this and the point would have been just the same if it had been Coles who holed the vast putt to send Alliss home.

Now the Americans have also seen the light and are to restore the old PGA match play championship with 64 entrants knocking each other out by this stroke play method. If it is a success, as I devoutly trust it will be, our own PGA could do worse than accept last week's Piccadilly tournament as their own match play championship which many people thought the best tournament of the year and which only recently expired for want of a sponsor.



Peter Oosterhuis lines up a putt in his final against the Ryder Cup captain, Eric Brown

...who overcame

by Dudley Doust

WHEN YOU ASK Eric Brown what sort of player he'll want for his Ryder Cup side, he'll clutch his teeth and spit back the answer: "Fighters," he'll say, and on the evidence of his play in Wales last week Brown should suit himself, forget his nerves, and pick himself to face the Yanks in September at St Louis.

In the final match of the Piccadilly Medal tournament at Southerndown, Glamorgan, yesterday, Brown was five strokes behind Peter Oosterhuis, a boy half his age, with eight holes to play.

His one grim lapse occurred on the seventh hole, a par three of 231 yards, where both players hit drives into a gale. Hall and rain halted play for five minutes before Brown three putted to go one stroke behind. Thereafter, while Oosterhuis played orthodox golf, Brown kept strokes from off the green on a near by getting down in two half dozen occasions.

Brown squandered his one chance to gain the lead by missing a five-foot putt on the 17th green. Although it was raining with the wind, the 17th is probably Southerndown's most difficult hole. It trailed narrowly for 448 yards through ferny rough and overgrown gulleys.

Oosterhuis' two iron tee shot fell foul of the fierce yet Brown, well placed, hit a fast mid iron, far short of the green. Oosterhuis surprised by hacking into the gully. He then hit a full pitch six feet from the pin. Then, while Brown's pick got inside his opponent, both players missed their par putt.

It is all grist for the order of merit mill from which the Ryder Cup side will be chosen after this week's Benson & Hedges tournament in York. Officially the top listed six British and Irish players will be in but, unofficially, I understand the top nine will be chosen.

The order of merit, with players discarding their poorest tournament finishes through the season, stands as follows at this time of year. For instance, Hugh Boyle, tenth before a poor shot last week at Southerndown, nonetheless has a bad finish to slough off and could, conceivably, leap into the top six by finishing well up at York. (Note: The best of British finishes this season on the chart.)

If my statistical gremolins are correct and if none of the fringe players rocks the boat at York, it seems the crucial order of merit will read like this when the side is selected next Sunday: Coles, Oosterhuis, Barnes, Bannerman, Bambridge, Townsend, Gallacher, Huggert and Bobbie.

That leaves three spots open. If Eric Brown demurs, that leaves probably Butler, Tommy Horton and, of course, the ace in the deck, Tony Jacklin.

RYDER CUP STAKES (Players finishing, beginning ties, in 1971 tournaments)

	Times 1st	Times 2nd	Times 3rd or 4th	Times 5th to 8th	Times in top 8
NEIL COLES (1)	1	0	0	0	1
ERIC BROWN (2)	0	1	0	0	1
BRIAN BARNES (3)	0	0	1	0	1
EDWARD GALLACHER (4)	0	0	0	1	1
DAVID BARNES (5)	0	0	0	0	1
HUGH BOYLE (6)	0	0	0	0	1
HARRY BANNEMAN (7)	0	0	0	0	1
ALAN BARNES (8)	0	0	0	0	1
PETER BUTLER (9)	0	0	0	0	1
JOHN BARNES (10)	0	0	0	0	1
MAURICE BARNES (11)	0	0	0	0	1
JOHN BARNES (12)	0	0	0	0	1
TONY JACKLIN (13)	0	0	0	0	1
STUART BROWN (14)	0	0	0	0	1
ERIC BROWN (15)	0	0	0	0	1

*Not including yesterday's 1st or 2nd in the Piccadilly event. Figures in brackets indicate position in Order of Merit before Piccadilly.

FOR RACING

TECHNICALLY, it is that Jackie Ickx or Peterson could wrest the championship from Stewart, but, with four rounds to go, not one seriously to not cannot score the five needs to guarantee

t, there was an air of on in the pits at the Austrian grand prix and the only question minds was would it be the championship is to d or must we wait for Canadian or American

can be little doubt that, yrrill-Ford performs as it has in the last three ix, Stewart will manage or second place that is. But can the car eliable yet again? It is unusual for a driver to igh seven world cham-rounds without a

Odds stacked for Stewart

by Julian Mounter

mechanical failure and there are plenty of pessimists who will tell you that eight rounds in a row will not be seen today.

They have had some front suspension troubles with the Tyrrell in the past 48 hours, and one engine gave out in practice on Friday. But Ken Tyrrell, who has earned the reputation of being the most thorough manager in the business, looked relaxed and confident under a blazing hot sun that turned the tarmac into treacle yesterday afternoon.

What one can be sure of is that the two Ferraris of Ickx and

Regazzoni will be challenging as hard here as ever this season; jointly their drivers hold the Formula 1 lap record for the 3.67 miles—1min 40.4sec—having set it while taking first and second places in the event last year.

With only two cars to look after instead of the usual three, the mechanics in the Ferrari pit seem less pushed to make the adjustments that the drivers want and, if the 312 F2 is ever going to be reliable again this year, I would expect it to be today. For the Italian Grand Prix next month, Ferrari hope to have a revised car with what is reported to be the most powerful engine imaginable for this size, developing around 500 bhp.

Leading positions in the world championship points: 1. J. Stewart, 51; 2. J. Ickx, 39; 3. R. Peterson, 17; 4. M. Andretti, F. Cevert and C. Regazzoni, all with 12.

BOWLS

Beer's victory brew

by Lance Michaels

BANBURY CHESTNUTS held off an exciting challenge from Mid-Surrey to reach the final of the English Bowling Association triples championship. They won 17-14, clinching their semi-final on an extra end.

Hero of the morning was Fred Beer, Banbury's 42-year-old skip, who turned defeat into victory with a superb last wood. He nudged away mid-surrey's scoring wood, leaving three of his own nearest the jack.

Beer, and his partners John Hazelwood and Bob Boscott, now take on the Marlow trio of Arthur Plested, Ian Harvey and John Lewis in the final.

TRIPLES—3rd Rd.: Shanklin

(Lo.W.) bt Bournemouth 21-15; Banbury Chestnuts bt Preston Sussex 21-10; Mid-Surrey bt Whitely & Monkesson (Nimbleland) 27-9; Penlee (Cornwall) bt Basingstoke 20-18.

Huntingdon St. Peters (Cambs) bt County Ground (Worce) 17-14; Taunton bt Paddington (Middx) 16-11; Marlow (Bucks) bt Lenton United (Notts) 20-18; Clevedon (Somerset) bt Bull Farm (Notts) 19-13.

4TH RD.—Banbury Chestnuts bt Shanklin 24-16; Mid-Surrey bt Taunton 19-15; Marlow bt Penlee 20-16; Huntingdon St. Peters bt Clevedon 21-11.

Semi-finals: Banbury Chestnuts (Oxfordshire) beat Mid-Surrey (Surrey) 17-14; Marlow (Bucks) beat Huntingdon St. Peters (Cambridge-shire) 20-11.

ANGLING

FISHERMAN'S ROW at the game fair held recently at Stowe, Buckinghamshire, was a little tweedy, as you might expect, though a coarse fishing competition was held on one of the ornamental lakes there. But salmon and trout held sway: a plummy voice on the PA system announced that Peter Anderson, world champion salmon fly distance caster and, at Stowe, killed and demonstrating his skills on the pool, had so far taken 73 salmon this year.

Lucky Anderson, because from most reports the 1971 salmon season, now better than two-thirds through, looks like being a very bad one indeed. No statistics are available yet, but there are plenty of signs to be read. For instance, this month's Irish skipper, who speaks for commercial fishing interests in the Republic, reports very low catches along the west coast where there is considerable drift netting in Irish territorial waters.

It is harder to get a clear picture from sport fishermen in Britain, but

Salmon in the doldrums

by Nicholas Evans

major Scottish rivers once again had their now customary catastrophic spring fishing. One odd result of the salmon crisis is that the spate-stream, the small rivers of the Scottish west coast and similar waters in Wales and Ireland which depend on summer floods for their run of fish, and which have a great deal less salt than our waters, like the Tweed or the Blackwater, have now become much more desirable.

The comparatively small salmon which run these rivers probably do not venture so far to sea as to be taken in the Danish high seas net; and, for some as yet unknown reason, they are much more likely affected by the salmon disease than stocks in the big rivers. The uneasy

peace on the Danish salmon netting front—the arrangement whereby catches at sea are limited to the 1969 level—seems to have left British salmon fishermen somewhat nonplussed at the moment.

At the game fair, the Salmon and Trout Association had graphs on display which clearly showed a disturbing correlation between the huge rise in British imports of frozen Danish salmon (since the Danes have no salmon rivers the source is obvious) and a sharp decline in domestic sales at Billingsgate. Else although American and Canadian anglers are becoming increasingly militant, little is happening here beyond the odd letter in The Field.

Though the virulence of salmon disease seems to be lessening some rivers are still badly affected—the Lune, for example, in Lancashire and Westmorland. Reginald, one of Britain's finest salmon anglers, tells me that he continued to rent a stretch in the hope that things would improve in the next few years. He hardly bothers to go fishing now.

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EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

Cliff Temple reports

Jenkins looks to Munich

ALAN PASCOE, the British men's team captain, easily qualified for today's final of the 110 metres hurdles at the European championships here yesterday, finishing second in the semi-final to Frank Siebeck of East Germany.

With the man Pascoe races as his chief rival, Guy Druet of France, having taken his heat on Friday and not qualified, the path has been eased for Pascoe to at least repeat his 1969 success of a bronze medal.

Certainly yesterday he did not look as shaky as in his heat, and today will be seeking to win the memory of last July's Commonwealth Games when he injured a foot in the final and had to drop out when in contention for the title.

His heat had been held up for ten minutes by the apparently unexpected finish of the 50 kilometres walk, which caused officials to move all the hurdles out of two of the lanes each time a walker entered the stadium.

Four times the hurdles were prepared to go to their mark; four times a walker entered the stadium to the ironic cheers of the crowd, and the barriers had to be moved again. One of the rare examples of the programme trying itself into a knot, and on an afternoon during which there had been nothing else taking place on the track.

It has, of course, been a week of mixed fortunes for Britain: The disappointment of Dave Bedford's unrequited gallantry in the post-ten running of the 100 metres; and Browne in the 800 metres; the four efforts in the long jump qualifying round; and the disbelieving pleasure of Barbara Inkpen, who conquered her rival and the high jump bar, but also, at last, herself.

But the week's supreme British success came on Friday night. The 400 metres victory of Edinburgh's David Jenkins was a combination of a superb timing mind in a superbly fit body, and the most confident of shared confidence between Jenkins and his coach, John Anderson.

When Jenkins was shown the draw for the final, which gave him the unfavourable outside lane, he barely reacted. Fine. "I'll be a fast, lonely race. I'll go hard."

THE FIRST DECISIVE step in what will be a long and arduous journey to restore Irish show jumping to the first division will be taken this week when the Irish Horse Breeders' Association publishes a comprehensive register of mares and their non-thoroughbred progeny.

The register will at last make possible to trace the blood lines in Irish show jumping, even though it will be too late to prevent some of the lines that have undoubtedly been lost through the absence of coherent cataloguing.

The register is a welcome step in the right direction, but it is a very small one. Whereas we once bestride the world of show jumping like a colossus, we are now an anemic thing, a register of mares, unpleased truth was mercilessly hammered home by the abject failure of our representatives in the international events at the RDS Show.

Now that something positive is being done to organise proper breeding and stud lines a programme of research cataloguing for horses and riders must be initiated. Above all some means must be

through 200 metres, harder through 300 metres, then kick." So it proved. His half way time of 21.1 seconds, recorded electronically, was not only slightly faster than he hoped, but also equalled his personal best for 200 metres. It was as fast as any British athlete has run this season.

The true significance of his victory may not be seen for a year or so. At Munich, perhaps. Because at every stage of these championships, indeed, the season, Jenkins and Anderson have had a complete understanding of what would be needed to win.

There was no relying on inspiration. Jenkins' victory here was just the start, not the high spot, of his international career. He is a unique athlete: a tall, highly-strung 19-year-old, whose eyes dart around as he talks to you, as though some monster is going to jump out at him. But if it did, you feel he would have a plan to deal with it.

Anderson says: "Before we came on here, I went round to David's house to work out an activity schedule. He wanted a complete table of how to spend the time this week. I said to him, you write down what you think you should do. Half-an-hour later, he'd got it all worked out. Go for a walk at such and such a time, and so on."

It is all part of Anderson's withdrawal plan, to fade out and leave Jenkins with a total confidence in himself to handle any situation. "I'm not one of those coaches who keeps his athletes tied down because he wants to feel needed. The athlete is alone on the track, and teaching him independence is every bit as important as the purely physical coaching."

He could hardly have a better pupil. A liberal approach to a highly intelligent athlete. An athlete wanting to be the best in the world, rather than having it simply wanted for him.

Men
110 METRES HURDLES—Semi-final (1st heat) 1. Alan Pascoe (Great Britain), 21.1; 2. Frank Siebeck (East Germany), 21.2; 3. Guy Druet (France), 21.3; 4. M. Jozwicki (Poland), 21.4.

DISCUS (qualifiers for final) Group A: 1. Teo Meade (Ireland), 40.2; 2. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.8; 3. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.7; 4. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.6; 5. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.5; 6. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.4; 7. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.3; 8. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.2; 9. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.1; 10. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.0.

TRIPLE JUMP (qualifiers for final) 1. J. Reimer (Austria), 14.1; 2. J. Reimer (Austria), 14.0; 3. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.9; 4. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.8; 5. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.7; 6. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.6; 7. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.5; 8. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.4; 9. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.3; 10. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.2.

50 KILOMETRES WALK: 1. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.0; 2. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.1; 3. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.2; 4. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.3; 5. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.4; 6. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.5; 7. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.6; 8. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.7; 9. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.8; 10. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.9.

THE FIRST DECISIVE step in what will be a long and arduous journey to restore Irish show jumping to the first division will be taken this week when the Irish Horse Breeders' Association publishes a comprehensive register of mares and their non-thoroughbred progeny.

The register will at last make possible to trace the blood lines in Irish show jumping, even though it will be too late to prevent some of the lines that have undoubtedly been lost through the absence of coherent cataloguing.

The register is a welcome step in the right direction, but it is a very small one. Whereas we once bestride the world of show jumping like a colossus, we are now an anemic thing, a register of mares, unpleased truth was mercilessly hammered home by the abject failure of our representatives in the international events at the RDS Show.

Now that something positive is being done to organise proper breeding and stud lines a programme of research cataloguing for horses and riders must be initiated. Above all some means must be

through 200 metres, harder through 300 metres, then kick." So it proved. His half way time of 21.1 seconds, recorded electronically, was not only slightly faster than he hoped, but also equalled his personal best for 200 metres. It was as fast as any British athlete has run this season.

The true significance of his victory may not be seen for a year or so. At Munich, perhaps. Because at every stage of these championships, indeed, the season, Jenkins and Anderson have had a complete understanding of what would be needed to win.

There was no relying on inspiration. Jenkins' victory here was just the start, not the high spot, of his international career. He is a unique athlete: a tall, highly-strung 19-year-old, whose eyes dart around as he talks to you, as though some monster is going to jump out at him. But if it did, you feel he would have a plan to deal with it.

Anderson says: "Before we came on here, I went round to David's house to work out an activity schedule. He wanted a complete table of how to spend the time this week. I said to him, you write down what you think you should do. Half-an-hour later, he'd got it all worked out. Go for a walk at such and such a time, and so on."

It is all part of Anderson's withdrawal plan, to fade out and leave Jenkins with a total confidence in himself to handle any situation. "I'm not one of those coaches who keeps his athletes tied down because he wants to feel needed. The athlete is alone on the track, and teaching him independence is every bit as important as the purely physical coaching."

He could hardly have a better pupil. A liberal approach to a highly intelligent athlete. An athlete wanting to be the best in the world, rather than having it simply wanted for him.

Men
110 METRES HURDLES—Semi-final (1st heat) 1. Alan Pascoe (Great Britain), 21.1; 2. Frank Siebeck (East Germany), 21.2; 3. Guy Druet (France), 21.3; 4. M. Jozwicki (Poland), 21.4.

DISCUS (qualifiers for final) Group A: 1. Teo Meade (Ireland), 40.2; 2. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.8; 3. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.7; 4. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.6; 5. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.5; 6. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.4; 7. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.3; 8. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.2; 9. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.1; 10. J. Reimer (Austria), 39.0.

TRIPLE JUMP (qualifiers for final) 1. J. Reimer (Austria), 14.1; 2. J. Reimer (Austria), 14.0; 3. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.9; 4. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.8; 5. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.7; 6. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.6; 7. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.5; 8. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.4; 9. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.3; 10. J. Reimer (Austria), 13.2.

50 KILOMETRES WALK: 1. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.0; 2. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.1; 3. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.2; 4. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.3; 5. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.4; 6. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.5; 7. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.6; 8. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.7; 9. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.8; 10. J. Reimer (Austria), 2:10.9.

Is Bedford's style wrong?

ALTHOUGH Zatopek had a distinct rolling action and Kurla a very high arm action, it is probable that 10,000 metres running has now reached a point which will not permit such eccentricity to succeed any more. Vastina's victory suggests this, and his style certainly emphasises it. Almost all great runners and sprinters, from Paavo Nurmi and Jesse Owens on to the Finnish European Gold medalist, have maintained an upright posture so their legs and feet move smoothly back and forth under the body's weight with a minimum of strain, using all their energy to propel them forward. The value of the style appears moreover to have been borne out conclusively by the experience and exhaustive study of the respected American coach Bill Bowerman.

"Running seems to be such a natural activity," Bowerman wrote recently, "that most people, including many outstanding competitors, give no thought to the mechanics of their running. They seem to feel it is necessary to lean forward to generate thrust and to feel that this is wrong. Bowerman emphasises the upright posture as the most important element in developing a smooth, efficient running style. He says that when running the athlete should be so erect that a plumb line should hang straight down through the ear lobe, the line of the hip and the line of the foot. And he argues that when the upper body is permitted to rotate forward beyond the line of the ear, the centre of gravity—the lower body must compensate by rotating back behind the centre of gravity. The runner is therefore out-of-balance, and to a certain extent, falling down. Instead of exclusively propelling the body forward, the legs must also exert an upward force to counter the downward momentum created by the pressure of a body that is out-of-balance. Thus the legs are given a lot of unnecessary work, which wastes energy and strength."

INSIDE the Helsinki Olympic Stadium they were still acclaiming Juha Vastina, whose electrifying last lap in the 10,000 metres had set the European Championships alight, like the firecrackers which burst in the black night sky before he had even finished.

But outside, shrouded by darkness in a forgotten annexe of the stadium, sat a limp figure, bedraggled, drained, slumped like a rag doll against a pillar. For nearly half an hour Dave Bedford had thrown everything into his race, and if finishing sixth, at the age of 21, could be called failure, as it would be by Bedford, he had failed.

With him, the figure of coach Bill Bowerman had successfully transformed him from a promising schoolboy to an athlete capable at any moment of pushing back the threshold of distance running. Parker, the man who paid his own fare out and slept three nights on the floor of a friend's hotel room just to see Dave run. And Dave



stood up and cried on his shoulder.

He should never have broken cover. The photographers found him. Parker pushed them away. Give him five or six minutes, and he'll be all right. "The didn't. The normally placid Parker lost his temper and punched a German photographer in the face. They retreated, then pursued Dave as he led an almost follow-my-leader through the passages and dressing rooms, brushing past other athletes, acknowledging briefly their sympathy.

"He ran a fantastic race. Greatest 10,000 I've ever seen. They all cheered Dave. All wanted him to win. Even the Finns." A remark perhaps more loyal than accurate, for Bedford was almost hit by a bottle as he toiled on the last lap, glancing to the finish, where Vastina and Jurgen Haase were side by side, sprinting for the title.

That he should have been beaten was hard enough to take for Bedford. That the race should

have been won by a man whose reputation matched that of his own in England was doubly so. But the fact that the five men able to stay with his pace-setting, all were able to outkick him comfortably at the end sounded an alarm bell for the future.

It was an alarm bell heard by Geoff Warr, coach to Commonwealth 5,000-metres champion Ian Stewart, who said last month before Bedford had broken the European 10,000 metres record: "Even if Bedford breaks the world record, I don't think he'll win in Helsinki. If you're a front runner, whatever you do, however fast you run, they will always be some Kenyan or US Marine waiting to take you on the last lap. Ian and I know that, and plan for it. Bedford hasn't realised it yet." Ron Clarke's experiences in the Tokyo Olympics and 1966 Commonwealth Games weigh heavily on Warr's mind.

Since the 10,000 metres there have been questions asked, of course, about the validity of Bedford's training schedule—200 miles a week—and whether he has got the balance of quality and quantity correct. And more esoterically, maybe, but no less worthy of consideration, the question has even been raised of his leaning forward running action (see above).

Most athletes find their natural action by simply running and by training strengthen the muscles of the body to support that style of running. Thus even if Bedford has a forward lean, he has eight years of background and training to support it. Leaning forward is actually a help for running uphill, and this does make Bedford a great cross-country runner and road-runner.

Vastina's action is that of a relaxed sprinter, which he was originally. If Bedford had been a sprinter his action might have been more mechanically efficient, but it would not necessarily have suited English cross-country courses.

That helps to beg the question, as Warr intimates, of what

happens on the track. Certainly, the 10,000 metres race in Helsinki underlined once and for all, that a new era of running, of this distance is upon us. Without a sprint finish, a runner is unlikely to be in at the final kill, unless he has trained so well and is so superior he can truly leave the opposition behind in the middle of the race. But his success then hinges crucially on being at a peak on the very day of the race. It is not inconceivable that the marathon will eventually end in sprint finishes, in just the same way.

Another of Bedford's problems is that, like Ron Clarke, who set world records but never won a Gold medal, Bedford has difficulty in smoothly changing pace. He will throw in a 58-second lap like he did at Portsmouth, if he knows it's coming. But if someone jumps him, he has to haul rather than snatch his way back. Vastina, a former sprinter, jumped him on Tuesday, midway through the race, with a sudden increase in pace so immaculately executed that it was discernible only on the stop watch. Bedford put his head down and dug to regain lost ground, like a Land-Rover chasing a Rolls-Royce.

Bedford maintains in the face of these thoughts that he could not change his style. "You find your own action by running," he says. "You could spend a year in a science laboratory changing your action, but as soon as you ran for a bus, you'd revert to your normal easiest action."

Perhaps the turning point of Bedford's season was that AAA 5,000 metres race, when he was so nervous before a race. I lay down the night before just to think about it, and I was physically sick. And after all the publicity work I did for the AAA, like reading record requests and pushing the meeting, I felt like Murray's Open House programme on the Friday. Instead of resting, I never had a word of thanks from the AAA. No one said, "Sorry you got screwed up by the publicity, but thanks for your help." Nothing.

YACHTING

Fastnet a true test of sailing

by Hugh Somerville

THE PRIME MINISTER led the Great Britain team to victory in the Admiral's Cup, and thereby gave a really wonderful boost to British yachting and offshore racing in particular, but the peculiarities of this contest tended to overshadow the Fastnet race, which was the final leg of the Admiral's Cup in any case.

At the last count, 198 yachts had finished out of the record fleet of over 20. The race was an interesting one, giving good tests of sailing and navigation, and weather varying from force 0 to 6, as well as some very low visibility.

After the start last Saturday, the fleet were divided between those which passed Portland Bill before the tide turned, and those who did not.

The next morning, Start Point was the place where people's chances tended to be wrecked. Several boats, including Arthur Slater's Prospect Whitby, found themselves having to anchor for several hours.

In the Salty Tiger (J. Powell and W. Frank), from Florida, in which I was sailing, we found ourselves almost completely becalmed for an hour or two.

The next hazard was the rounding of the Lizard Head, where 16 boats went closer ashore than any of the local fishermen would dare. It was there that Derek Boyer's Carillon was holed after hitting the rocks, having followed his old partner, Denis Miller, in Firebrand II, which also rumbled over the stones but was not damaged.

From there it was a fairly easy sail to the vi the Rock, where the v doing some very strange Many of us found that i or so of torrential rain only for the complexion Few who experience forget the wonderful wind on Tuesday, y charged down the waves before a brisk feeling genuinely sorry smaller boats we met, them were still beating Rock even when we after we had sailed a miles away from it.

The wind fell light there, between the I Plymouth on Wednesday, and we had fear. British Admiral's C Prospect and Cervantes Watson) being in sig while fastnetters and i were obviously searching Heath aster.

It was tense in Ply we waited, but then applause appeared a Prime Minister, greet best political mone we could have done v exhibitionism of som "boat bums" as they called in the United S Ted Turner's 12-met can Bagg broke i record, and confom critics by placing four in her second success The Australian b muddin (Sid Fisher) overall winner, while i team regained the cu

SHOW JUMPING

Irish juniors revel

by Raymond Brooks-Ward

A ROAR of applause reminiscent of the National Hunt Festival at Cheltenham went up at the W.D. & H.O. Wills Hickstead International yesterday as the young Irish riders stormed home to win their first Junior European Championship. No excuses, either, for the other 11 teams, who included the reigning champions, Great Britain, were severely handicapped.

Ireland not only fought and overcame the bad weather conditions, but had at the last moment to put in a reserve rider after one of their best horses, Bantam V, had to be destroyed overnight.

Diana Connolly-Carew, the team manager, who has been a shining example of enthusiasm and advice over the last two or three years, was for once at a loss for words. "Didn't they pull together, the little darlins," was all she could say afterwards. "Ireland, however, a close-run race, for after nearly four hours of jumping in torrential rain, Ireland forced the favourites, Germany, into a jump-off. Reveling in the muddy conditions, the Irish then got right on top, with Chris, Marilyn Dawson and Kevin Barry. The Germans reeled with four faults. When Wolfgang Kunn fell heavily at the water, it was all over.

The British were struggling from the start, as they had to, first to go, had eight faults on Relincho, but hope was revived by the two new members, Nicky Payne on Merry Widow, and 14-year-old Debbie Johnsey on her pony, Champ. Undeterred by the tense atmosphere, they both jumped superb clear rounds, and with the most experienced member, Ann Coleman, the reigning ladies' champion, to come, it looked as if Britain could get back into the hunt.

Unfortunately, Miss Havana Royal was uns after hitting a cross, and fensed at the post and did the same thing i improved second rou this was his only m Ann said afterwards couldn't get him to c the mud.

In the second round team, Ireland were l luck. Clark slipped in the middle of the and Miss Johnsey had back for a fresh ate was Payne, considered est member of the returned the best fo faults.

The Swiss riders, looked dangerous al the clear leaders afu round with a zero sc tallied off second tim clear round by last y pion, Markus Fuchs, a rider against doctor, suspected pneumonia.

Britain have only b three times before i and the disappoint manager, Gerald B afterwards. "This is a course we use. We lo stead when the even last in 1961, but w excuses. The standard all the time and once had the monop the strength of our ic ing classes, the Contine have been out of the

"Apart from witz Germany, I think the in the next two R could well be the Ru have improved out o nition."

EUROPEAN JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP, 1971. Ireland, 8 faults (1 jump-off); Switzerland, 1 jump-off; Germany, 2 faults; Great Britain, 2 faults.

General Appointments

GOVERNMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND

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